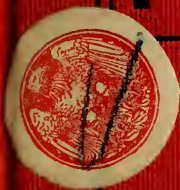


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RAGTIME PHILOSOPHY



FRED W. STOWELL



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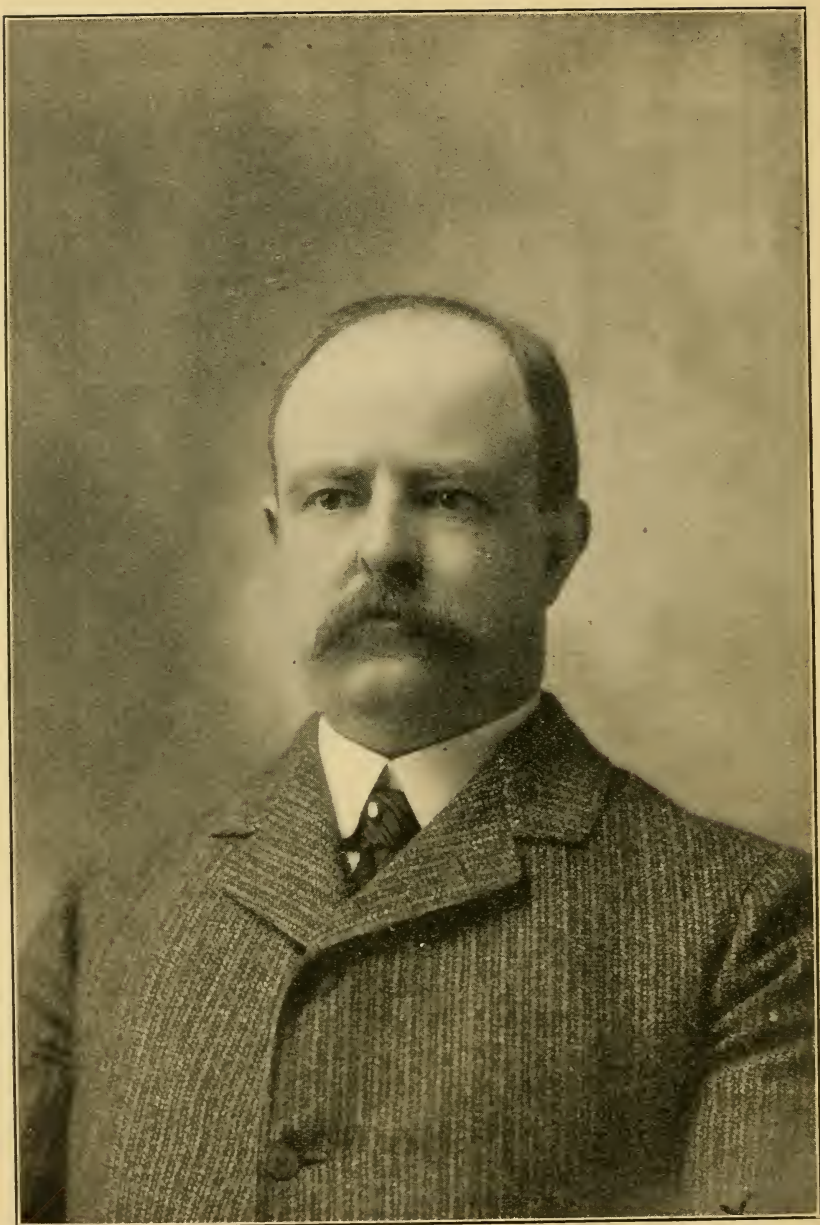
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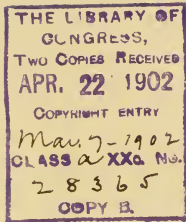
RAGTIME PHILOSOPHY

BY
FRED W. STOWELL



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CONTENTS:

	PAGE
THE TWENTIETH CENTURY'S DREAM.....	9
NOVA PERSEI:.....	11
Professor Pangnos and His Ideagraph.....	11
The Account.....	12
The Analysis.....	15
FALLACY OF IMMORTALITY.....	18
STORY OF A REPORTER'S SYNDICATE.....	23
TALES FROM TAMPA:.....	32
The Scoop That Failed.....	32
O'Shaughnessy and the Queen... ..	34
Censor and Correspondent.....	37
ELECTRIC CAVERN OF LAS SAVINALES.....	42
TALE IN WHICH THE MORAL IS MADE TO PRECEDE THE STORY.....	47
AWHEEL TO THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO.....	52
THE BAILE AT CLIFTON:.....	63
As It Was.....	63
As It Might Have Been	64
THE APACHEID, AN ARIZONA EPIC OF THE EIGHTIES.....	65
NIGHT IN THE DESERT.....	67
CLEOPATRA'S SOLILOQUY.....	68
BIOTOPSIS, A PLAGIARISM AFTER BRYANT.	71
RAGTIME:.....	74
In the Case of an American Dreyfus.....	74
Honesty as a Handicap.....	77
In the Matter of Oligations.	80
Brute Brawn and Brute Brain.....	81
Of the Use of a Word	82
Lynch Law, the Great American Referendum.....	83
POETS OF TO-DAY, YESTERDAY AND THE DAY BEFORE.....	85
FRATERNITY OF THE FRONTIER	99

ILLUSTRATIONS:

FRONTISPIECE.

PAGE

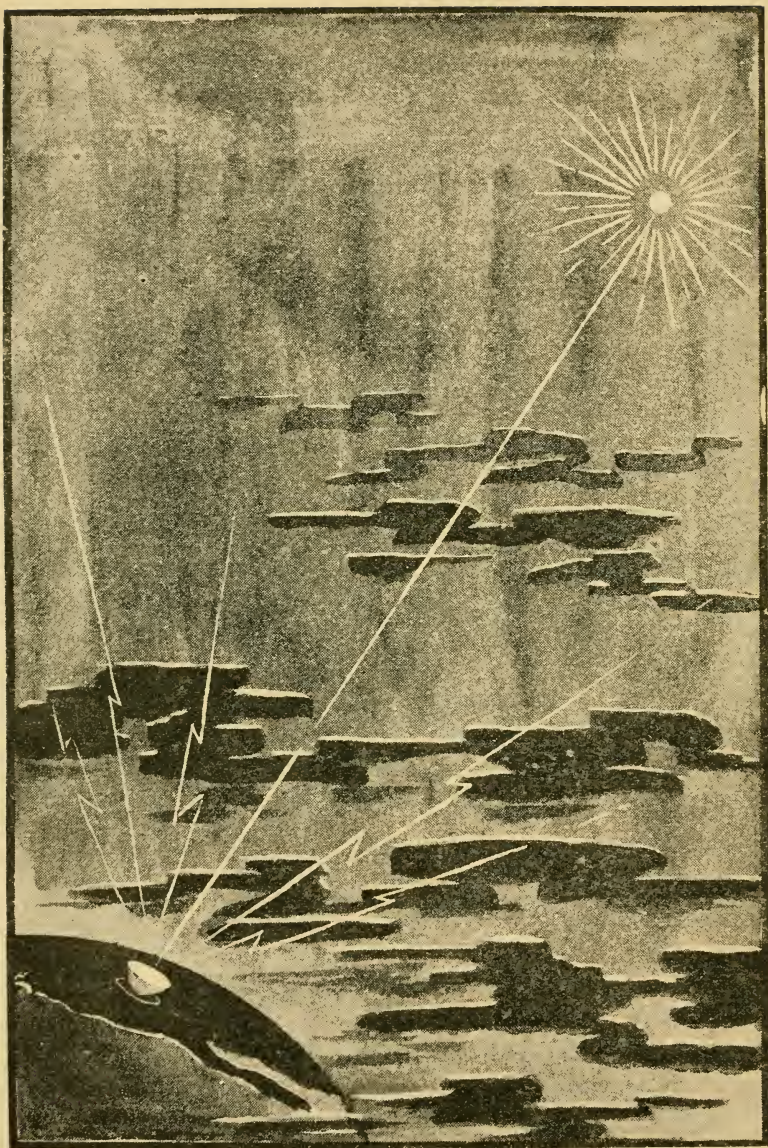
"I'll Play My Signal Code upon a Ray of Light and Talk with Mars"....	8
Loitering on the Pier at Port Tampa.....	33
Looking Toward Port Tampa.....	35
Where They Gathered for Small Talk.....	36
Transports Dressed for the Day.....	39
A Characteristic Landscape in Florida.....	41
A Storm in the Grand Canyon.....	53
Looking Across the Grand Canyon from the Saddle of Ayer's Peak	55
Ayer's Peak with Its Castellated Summit.....	57
The Rider Gives His Wheel the Outer Post, the Place of Honor.....	59
The Grand Canyon from Moran's Point.....	61

INTRODUCTION :

The writer presents in book form a collection of articles which may have a passing interest. Some of these have appeared in the daily press ; others in weekly publications.

FRED W. STOWELL.

San Francisco, April 1, 1902.



"I'LL PLAY MY SIGNAL CODE UPON A RAY OF LIGHT AND TALK WITH MARS."

The Twentieth Century's Dream.

The Cherubim's sword from its keeper is wrested;

With the flame of its blade will I blazon my way

Till the City of God by my science invested

Shall hoist the white pennant, sign truce for a day.

Stepping from out the twilight of
earth's morn

With quickening strides I hasten
toward the full

White luster of meridian. Prom-
ise

My token is; my word I give to
show

The unfulfilled fulfilled, till Rea-
son stand

As nude as Truth, unbiased, un-
ashamed.

The Twentieth Century I, an op-
timist,

But not with unconditioned faith
who sees

Through Hope's bewildering eye
the things as I

Would have them be, nor let the
vision so

Pervert my judgment.

Mine it is to wrench

The shackles from the fettered
brain; to loose

The potent forces of the atom,
where,

Perhaps, may lie within its micro-
cosm

A world and all its little sophis-
tries.

The dust upon an insect's wing,
the mote

Still dancing in the day, may hold
unleashed

Some energy to hurl this globe
outside

Its pathway round the sun and
drive afar

Beyond Creation's realm of things
that are

Up to the very zone of Chaos,
which

Encircles Space behind the ulti-
mate star.

Mine shall it be to solve gray
mysteries.

I'll play my signal code upon a
ray

Of light and talk with Mars.
Planets shall be

Like neighboring villages and the
fixed stars

Not gleaming points, but nightly
discs disclose.

The earthglow on the hidden
hemisphere
Shall picture back one-half the
secrets of
The moon, and each vibrating
beam shall be
A messenger to bring unblurred
its sure
And faithful copy.

I will draw the stings
Of evil from the fetid, blackest
cells
Of sourest pessimism, until the
mass
Shall sweeten to a better purpose;
from
The ether's void a new creation
call
And build the links of evolution
with
Strange forms, strange life,
strange elements that men
May grasp the hands of gods and
comrades be.

A solitude of beauty lies without
The world of mind. Ears that
are deaf to the

Sweet, heavy volume of the deep
sub-bass
Shall hear, and eyes no cogniz-
ance that take
Shall see above the violet ray.
Each sense
May quicken till the brain shall
learn to tell
The messages a million forms of
force
Since primal time have cast upon
the screen
Of life unread, till thought shall
know itself.
I'll seize the key of science and
unlock
The rocks. The heart of things
shall be as clear
As now the surface is; the desert
yield
Its filchings from the sun.

It may be mine
To strip the Tree of Knowledge
almost bare,
And turn aside the Flaming
Sword that keeps
The way before the Tree of Life.

*Rust edges the sword that was flaming and caustic;
Set the fools in their folly each free to engage,
For the earth is an ancient; the dream of the gnostic
Twists a vision of strength to the nightmare of age.*

Nova Persei:

Professor Pangnos and His Ideagraph.

UPSALA, Nov. 31.—In the Svenska Stjerna, which came from the press to-day, appears the most remarkable paper which has ever found place in a scientific publication. It is from the pen of Professor Pangnos, considered the most learned man in all Sweden, the head of the Royal Swedish Astronomical Society and professor of astronomy in the University of Upsala. The Svenska Stjerna, in which the article is printed, is one of the most reliable scientific magazines in Europe.

Briefly, Professor Pangnos professes to have established communication with other worlds. Tesla's theory that recent electrical phenomena, observed in the Rocky mountains, were the result of the efforts of the inhabitants of Mars to communicate with Earth is far surpassed by the daring statements of the Swedish astronomer, who claims to be in communication with a being whom he terms Alfomeg, dwelling on V, one of the minor planets revolving about the star Nova in the constellation Perseus.

Pangnos claims to communicate with Alfomeg by means of an instrument which he calls the ideagraph. He declares that with this communication is almost instant, and that across the great gulf of ether he can converse with no more sensible loss of time between question and response than in ordinary conversation by telephone between citizens dwelling remote from each other in Sweden.

Pangnos claims to use a ray of light upon which to send his thoughts to Alfomeg, and to receive answer by the same medium. Now it is well known that it takes years, some say centuries, for light starting from Nova to reach Earth, but Pangnos says that since the first Novan ray struck the earth there has been an in-

finite continuance of rays, and once the light circuit is complete it serves as the medium, so that the ideagraph, sending its message out into space on a ray of light, covers the distance so rapidly that it overtakes the light particles which have left earlier, even for centuries it may be, much as a telegraphic communication is sent from a railway train in advance of train and passengers.

The talks between Pangnos and Alfomeg are set forth in full (talks is not the word, but there is no English equivalent for the Swedish term used), with much scientific data and explanation. As nearly as this can be explained to the lay mind it is a gigantic form of interstellar telepathy founded on scientific lines and made possible by the use of the ideagraph.

Pangnos does not claim to talk the language of Alfomeg, but he says thoughts were before words; that he is enabled to read the thoughts of Alfomeg, and that as these thoughts come through the ideagraph, he has set them down in Swedish. He uses his own words with which to give form to the thoughts of Alfomeg. The first paper tells of the Novan creation as explained by Alfomeg. It is along lines of evolution, but departs somewhat from the accepted views of evolutionists of this world. The account follows:

The Account.

In the beginning was Nova, and Nova was the universe, filling all space.

And there were light and motion; and the light was faint like a reflection from a cloud, and the great sphere of space turned slowly on its axis. And this was the Cycle Aleph.

And the sphere turned faster and the light grew stronger, and Nova no longer filled the sphere, but shrunk within itself and without was the great void of space, and this was the Cycle Beth.

Faster and faster turned the sphere, and a great ring was loosened from Nova, and it, too, turned faster and faster in space, and between the ring and Nova was a great void which always

grew wider, and the ring was without and Nova was the center. And the ring was like a great band of pale flame, and it was named Onav. This was the Cycle Gimel.

In the fourth cycle, which was Daleth, Nova shrank within itself one-half, and a second ring of bright orange flame was formed, and between it and the first ring were millions of miles, and between it and Nova, which the second ring also encircled, were other millions of miles, and as it turned it broke in three, and each of the three parts gathered to itself about a center, and each became a sphere of blazing red, and each took its own orbit about Nova.

In the course of myriads of ages one part became the planet On, and a second became the planet Oy, and a third became the planet Va.

And Nova shrank within itself yet once more by one-third its measure, and there was another ring, and this ring broke in four, and after other myriad ages there were the lesser planets A and V and O and N, and each shone with a violet light. And this was the Cycle He, and there were the great sun Nova, with its furious light, and the lesser planets A and V and O and N, and the greater planets Va and Ov and On, and of these On was the greatest and N the least, and beyond was the great ring Onav, and beyond was great space, and beyond was nothing.

And this ended the Cycle He and the Cycle Vav began.

In the Cycle Vav the planets, too, shrank within themselves, and from the greater of these came other rings, and these rings, in turn, broke and became moons, and each moon revolved about its own planet and followed the orbit of its planet about Nova. And dark patches appeared on the smaller planets, and their light was much obscured, but the great outer ring became less pale, and Nova shone with greater fury. At the uttermost bounds of space were now other and many faint lights, and these were the stars, and the universe was changed.

This is the Cycle Zayin, which is yet. In this age life began—nay, not began, for always there was life; even to the first in the

parent Nebula, from which our sun, Nova, was begotten, and in turn begot the planets as well the lesser as the greater, and the great ring Onav. For life and change are. Each atom is alive. It hath its likes and its dislikes, its love and its hatred, its moment of strength whence quickly it passeth to old age in the twinkling of an eye. But the manifold life in which myriads of myriad atoms go to make the creature it did surely, begin in the Cycle Zayin, on the planet V. For little by little the great furnace of space had cooled. The fury of Nova grew less fierce, and on the planet V there came a time when there were heat and cold, and the clouds formed. Clouds of iron there were and of gold and of copper—and a chill came over space.

The æons passed and there were other clouds, and the Cycle Zayin had reached its noon, and in the thirteenth hour on the planet V there was a great change; oxygen and hydrogen had been wedded and steam hid the face of the new planet. And yet within the thirteenth hour the surface in spots showed firm and the steam chilled on the hemisphere, which turned away from Nova, and the great void drew out the heat until the rain descended. The rain fell, but as it fell it turned to steam again. And when the thirteenth hour was on the wane there was land on V, and it was rock, and all above were weeping clouds and all within was seething flame. There were land and sea, and the clouds parted and Nova was a great steel-white, glowing disc, and the planets shone, some with constant force and some only when Nova lighted up their faces. Then life was in new form, and there were plants and animals, and there were plants before there were animals, and there were plants which began to be of higher form after the lesser things, which began to move of their own will, had already long been.

Changes there were in land and sea, and in atmosphere, and V was like a great hot-house which forced strange living forms, and the species differed which had been one. Life took to itself new shapes and the thirteenth hour of the Cycle Zayin was well-nigh done. And when it was done, and the fourteenth was begun,

there were creatures which thought and some there were which tenanted the air and some the land and others the sea. And between those which dwelt upon the land and those which made midair their homes was strife, and the war is yet, for each in his own way doth think and plan strategem and cruelty.

The creatures of the air are fierce, and they rush to war with great zeal. They fear not slaughter of their own kind, but go to the strife without heed of danger. Neither do they heed their wounded, nor do they heed their dead, for the dead, they are dead, and the wounded are but hindrance to the battle. We of the land are not so heartless, for the sufferings of our kind greatly move us. Pity and compassion we have.

I, who am of the land, cannot endure those who are of the air, for each hath a different form of brain and peace between us there can never be. For the people of the air care for naught but cunning, and all things which they cannot use for selfish profit are meaningless to them, while to us the theory of thought is beautiful, and that we may think and reason in security we have made of caves our cities and our fortresses.

The Analysis.

Some strange discrepancies appear in the account of the Novan creation as outlined in words by Professor Pangnos, who claims to have received the ideas from Alfomeg, a dweller on the planet V, one of the lesser bodies of the Novan system in the constellation Perseus. Whether his account was bulled by cable or wire in the transmission from Upsala to San Francisco, or whether errors were made in the translation from Swedish into English I cannot say.

If the higher criticism were applied to this narrative of an evolutionary creation of another universe, the story would be found faulty. It does not hang together. In fact, there seem to be two accounts which have been rather skillfully joined. Apparently the earlier portion of the narrative was the thought of

one being (I cannot say man, for Pangnos has not given us any data as to what the embodied intellectuality on the planet V may be), while the latter part was the work of another brain, or consciousness.

It is regrettable that more detail was not given by Professor Pangnos. Who Alfomeg may be he does not say. His article in the Svenska Stjerna leaves much to guess. His method of communication with another system of worlds is given but the barest mention. It seems to be a very high order of mind-reading, of telepathy, which knows neither bounds of distance nor of time, of thought rays riding a beam of light, much as electricity uses a wire for its conductor. I am not sufficiently versed in astronomy to say whether Pangnos is correct in his assumption that the light now reaching earth from Nova has been centuries on its way. Admittedly it is a journey of years, but whether it is one of three years or of three thousand years I am frank to say I do not know.

As to the discrepancies in the account, Pangnos may hold for all I know that Alfomeg is not infallible, and that the story of the Novan creation may be told as Alfomeg believes it to have been. That, of course, is a plausible, it may be a correct, theory.

Of one thing there is a hint of difference between beings in the Planet V and on earth. It seems that there are two forms of life on V which have about equal intelligence, if Alfomeg or Pangnos may be credited. It is much as if some bird, known to earth, the eagle, we will say, was equal in intelligence to man, and as if there was a struggle for mastery between mankind and eaglekind. Alfomeg distinctly states that war has always been on the Planet V between dwellers on land and the tenants of mid-air. So evolution there must have produced not one type of life, as man on earth, but two, one apparently with the perceptive and physical over-development, and the other with greater reflective and reasoning power, and each about equal in the struggle for existence. The fittest to survive were two, not one.

As to the description. I take it, that Professor Pangnos does

not pretend to give an exact account. He would not, for the reason, as he states, that ideas were before words. He merely professes to embody the ideas of Alfomeg in his own Swedish language. Naturally, with so serious a subject, he drops into the archaic in the terms he uses.

As to the cycles, whatever Alfomeg calls them, even if he has a spoken language, Pangnos wisely took the Hebrew letters in sequence as befitting terms, high-sounding, sonorous, and much more pretentious than the modern numerals.

As to the life itself on V, one man's guess is as good as another's. It may be that Alfomeg represents the highest attainment to which the Articulata, as contrasted with the Vertebrata, may reach. His mentality may be greater than that of man. It may be that in some ways he excels man, in others falls below. It may be that the physical form of life on V is so different from all forms known to earth that we can have no knowledge of it. Possibly Alfomeg has consciousness of the outer world, not with such senses as we possess—of sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell—but by means of organs especially adapted to gain sensation through the Roentgen, ultra-violet and X-rays, and the many forms of energy which we know to exist, but which we cannot perceive until they have been translated into other terms of energy with which our organs of sense can take cognizance.

It is an interesting field for speculation. The regret is that Professor Pangnos has given so little.



Fallacy of Immortality.

To the man who sees with the eye of faith a life beyond the grave argument has no appeal. To him whose beliefs have shrunk away, until what is left is but the withered kernel of a hope for the hereafter, there will come a time when he must stare truth in the face. The last years of the century just closed have shattered creeds and dogmas. Doubt is everywhere among thinkers. Revelation has lost much of the authority it once had. The evangelical churches have been leavened with liberalism. Between unitarianism and agnosticism there is no quick line of cleavage. There is no data with which to prove what percentage has broken with orthodoxy. It is sufficient to know that it is a large one. The trend away from supernaturalism is unmistakable, but even with the agnostic and liberal classes (perhaps masses might be a more accurate term), there is much to show that men still cling to a vague hope in immortality. It is the purpose of this article to show the fallacy of this hope.

There has been something of a play in discussion upon the word "immortality," but I mean to use it in its restricted sense of a conscious personality persisting after death. The immortality through a long line of descendants may illustrate the parable of the seed, but it is not an immortality of self. The theory that matter is indestructible has been advanced to prove immortality. For all we know every atom which went to make a part of the White City of the World's Fair is still in existence. The city is not. Every molecule which ever formed a part of any being born into the world may still be, but it is not the immortality of a few moldering bones, a handful of dust, vapors cloud-scattered, for which man hopes. Every particle which entered into the make-up of some forgotten hero, who gave his life for his country at Thermopylae may have been present in some poltroon of a Greek,

who fled like a cur before the Turk's advance on Larissa. That would be a regrettable sort of immortality, but it could hardly be regarded as a persistence of self after death. But all this is negative.

An immortality which does not consist of an existence of self, the persistence of the individual with all, or some, at least, of his mental characteristics, is not an immortality worth considering. Outside of revealed religion there is little argument to support a belief of an existence after death; and since revelation has come to be disregarded by so many, it may be permissible for those of us who have cast aside the traditions of orthodoxy to inquire if there is a basis for any hope in a personal hereafter.

If conscious self, the soul, if you so choose to call it, is to persist after death, if it is a something, an entity indestructible, is it not reasonable, then, to ask whether it has not had an infinite existence in the past? If its future is unending, everlasting, ought it not always to have been? If this soul has developed with the body, why should it not die with the body? If it had a beginning, when did it begin? I do not suppose that thinking people now believe that the child at the moment of birth becomes possessed in some miraculous way of a soul. It is hardly reasonable to think that souls are hovering around in some hazy, nebulous condition, waiting the exact time of birth to take up a human abode. If this were so, what would happen if there were not enough souls for the number of children born, or an overplus of souls? Ought we not to have in some instances children with two, three, or a dozen souls, and others with none? Then, again; where the child is born before the full time, how is the soul to know and be ready for its miraculous incarnation? On the other hand, the prenatal existence of the soul along with the embryo presents its difficulties. From the very first there is life, and if there cannot be life, that is, human life, without an accompanying soul, then in all prenatal stages the soul must be present; and, if then, why not before in the cells as they exist before the inception of the individual? Since spermist and ovulist hold ex-

actly opposite views as to the cell which is developed into the individual, so they must disagree as to the cell in which the soul is conceived. The parent cells have life and at their union develop along fairly well-ascertained lines.

Does each have a half soul and the two unite to make one soul? To those, who do not have faith in the supernatural it cannot appear reasonable that the soul attaches itself at any particular moment to the individual, or to that which may become the individual, whether that moment be at birth, at some period of prenatal life, or even before then to one of the cells, capable if all conditions prove favorable of final development into a human being. Since nature is lavish in providing for the sequence of life, so that one individual results where the possibilities are multiplied, shall we ascribe souls to the myriad of cells which fail of their purpose—a persistency of self to what might be called the waste products of nature? Can a soul be without a miracle? Would unconscious continuance of self be immortality? We know that we are. There is a place in the past back of which we do not know that we were. Beyond death we do not know that we shall be. Throwing aside the authority of revelation, all that we do know is that there is a persistence of self for a limited time. Is consciousness so much of a marvel that it must be unending? Is there reason to believe that it exists as a force different from all other forces, inconvertible into any other form of energy and ungoverned by any natural laws? Destroy the eye and sight ceases. Total deafness is not unknown. Certain physical changes annihilate the senses of taste, touch and smell. Lesions of the brain affect the mind. Personality itself suffers in mental infirmities, but the orthodox, and many who are not orthodox, would have us believe that the soul, or self, persists unchangeable, unaffected and immortal. If the eye by physical injury may become incapable of the function of sight and the brain by physical injury become incapable of the function of consciousness and other mental manifestations, why should we differentiate the two? Why should we not have an immor-

tality of eyesight as well as an immortality of mind, soul, consciousness or self? Is mentality on any different plane than digestion? The stomach does not go on with an immortal performance of its function after death. The brain ceases to act after life ceases. Is there anything more remarkable about the cessation of the operations of the one than the other? Is there any reason in declaring that there is an undying entity connected with the result of the action of the nerve-cells and not with the muscular molecules? May not conscious energy be convertible into unconscious force, into heat, light, electric or other forms? An unconscious personality would be a poor substitute for immortality. Unless conscious self persists without a break is not immortality a fallacy?

Consciousness does not exist without interruptions. If it can cease for a little time, can it not cease for a longer time, or forever? In sound sleep does not consciousness cease, and the subconscious faculties keep up the work of maintenance of life? If it be held that it does not entirely cease, but merely approaches the point of cessation, would that alter the argument? If one should die in his sleep and the persistence of self after death should be that of sound sleep, would that be a conscious immortality worth having? If the slight physical changes incident to sleep so nearly annihilate the conscious self for a period of hours, is it unreasonable to ask if the absolute destruction of tissue, the greatest physical change possible, should not annihilate the soul beyond the grave?

There is a stronger argument than the phenomena of sleep. Under the complete influence of an anæsthetic the mind is a blank; consciousness is obliterated. If death comes during that condition, what is to awaken consciousness? If small physical changes can produce a temporary cessation of conscious self, will not the cessation continue under the greatest change; or will we have an immortality under a condition of continued anæsthesia? Is that worth having. Is it immortality at all? Is it anything more than the existence of the dead trunk of a tree, a clod of

earth, a cloud of smoke—the immortality of unconsciousness, a continued state of death?

The argument is sometimes advanced that evolution promises immortality, that nature adapts herself to all conditions and develops to meet every emergency. Animals change their structural forms to meet new environments, new wants; so to meet the need of continued personal existence nature may provide immortality. That presupposes that nature has need for individual immortality. Are not the facts these, that nature is prodigal in her preparations to provide for the continuance of the species and merciless as to the individual? Changed structural forms come after long struggle with new environments. The individual perishes in the struggle, but gives to posterity an impulse, a potentiality that triumphs over seemingly adverse conditions.

Is it not, after all, merely a selfish hope, this yearning after immortality? It is a hope common to men of all races and all conditions, but the fact that this is so does not prove that it is to be realized. The desire to avoid final personal annihilation might be put on the same plane as that to escape sorrow, sickness, pain. The hope for an everlasting existence may be like the hope for health, wealth, power, fame, not necessary of fulfillment, and the instinctive argument therefore a baseless one.

Unless we accept the miraculous and the supernatural as true, where is the evidence for immortality?



Story of a Reporter's Syndicate.

Three chairs went slamming back from the pedro table in the San Francisco Press Club. This was a frequent expostulatory method in the old roomy quarters on Pine street, before the fire, which burned up Tombstone (the club's cat), as well as the due bills of the club's members. It was the old story of the "high man," the "low man," the "greedy man," and the other two. The high man had six to go; the greedy man had twelve; the low man was off the board with four cinches in a two-bit game, and the other two were trailing the greedy man.

By all the ethics of draw pedro the greedy man should have given the low man the drop, but he had the king with two other trumps, and the low man had offered six and drawn four cards; so the greedy man, trusting the ace lay with the bidder, played a waiting game; and the high man caught the low man's pedro with an ace and went out. That was why three chairs slammed angrily; why the low man said he'd be damned if he'd ever play another game of cards in which the greedy man had a hand; why two others joined the profane protest, and why the high man mildly and hypocritically censured the greedy man for a false play, trying not to show (though everybody knew it), how glad he was that it had resulted to his profit just thirty steam beers, or several three-for-two meals, while as yet it was a day and some hours to pay-day.

Incidentally Comstock, the greedy man, lost the presidency of the Press Club. At the election, two weeks later, he lacked a vote and that vote was cast for his rival by one of the men who was in the game. It is believed in the club to this day that all four voted against Comstock, including Sanchez, the high man.

When Reed, the low man, and the other two, Steele and Cole, had exhausted their words, and the secretly glad Sanchez had

remarked, upon going to a window, that it was still raining in sheets, and that as the last car had left he would camp on the lounge for the night, Comstock, with the approaching election in view, did a diplomatic thing. He called the night steward to take the orders for five, and while Mose was mixing as many drinks they all fell to discussing their fellows of the newspaper world. There were city editors, who were beasts in the collective eyes of the five; notably, Bassett of the Monarch, who had come to the post two weeks before by reason of a shake-up, a periodic affliction of that daily. Then there was Morrison, whose besetting sin was parsimony. Morrison kept a big extra staff to meet emergencies. Day after day he would walk into the local room, promptly at 1 o'clock, smiling and suave, to say: "Nothing this afternoon, gentlemen. If you will come around to-morrow I hope to have something for you." And the men cursed his manner more than his niggardliness. The copy-readers, too, who knifed space, underwent a verbal castigation, and that was how the talk reverted to Sparkle and his syndicate.

Sanchez, who worked altogether on space, was bemoaning his week's bill, the smallest in months, he swore. The new copy-reader, on the Courant had knifed and chopped and chopped and knifed to make a record. All of his dovetailing of sentences to make his copy hard to cut had gone for nothing.

"Start a new graft, Joe," said Steele, who was cynical and fat, as he gulped at a suisses; "get some news for a change and quit padding."

Sanchez was being frozen out on the Courant, as Steele knew. He was a swarthy little Creole, and his eyes flashed like a stiletto, as he started to make a resentful reply, seeing which Cole broke in to say:

"There's an economic freak on all the papers just at present. We might revamp Sparkle's Syndicate. Morrison's on the Courant now, and I think we could work him again with the old dodge if we dressed it up properly."

Sanchez irritably consigned Sparkle's Syndicate to the nether

world, and termed its author a skate. This was unjust criticism. Sparkle was not a skate, and his syndicate had lodged and fed for weeks four others and himself; but Sanchez's temper was roiled, and he was comparatively a new man, and had never met Demosthenes Sparkle (Demos, as he was known to all of us old-timers), so all four began to enlighten him as to the merits of that syndicate, and the status of its inventor, which are parts of the annals of San Francisco newspaperdom.

"Sparkle wasn't a skate," protested Steele, "just a fair newspaperman like yourself, Joe. He wasn't a star," he added ironically, "but with a fair show he could draw down \$30 to \$40 a week; good all around man, do the water-front, police, federal, or any old routine, read copy or telegraph, but couldn't dress up a story like Herrick."

This was another drive at the Creole, who winced. Sanchez thought himself a star, though no one else did, and he suspected Herrick of trying to chisel him out of his place.

"Sparkle was a fair all-around man, though," repeated Steele in his monotonous staccato.

"Came in on the swine train, I've heard," volunteered Comstock.

"Then you heard wrong," said Reed, with just a trace of a sneer; "the swine train doesn't go here, as anybody who hasn't been imported knows."

This quieted Comstock, with the approaching election in view. He had come to San Francisco under a contract, which made the local men feel a little resentful toward him. Any man who chose to take his chance coming unannounced and unengaged into the San Francisco newspaper world was sure, if of the right sort, early or late, to receive the hand of fellowship. For the man engaged in the East and brought out under salary a degree of coolness awaited. Few of these imported men had proved of value. They had, for the most part, drawn their salaries for the terms of their contracts, and had then dropped out of sight and memory. Comstock was one who had stayed on and had gradually been adopted into the local circle.

Reed lounged back in the easy-chair as he began the story. "I met Sparkle the day he arrived," he continued. "It was a raw July afternoon with the fog scurrying overhead when he strolled into the local room of the Monarch, and struck Morrison for a detail. He wore a straw hat, shoes that didn't match, trousers frayed at the edges, and a linen duster. There was a scraggy straw-colored beard of a week's growth on his face, and a general all-around hungry look about him.

"In those days the Monarch would try out anyone who came along. Sparkle was the exception. Morrison told him that it was useless for him to come around, that he could give him no work, but that didn't feaze Demos. He showed up every day for a detail, borrowed two-bits whenever he could, haunted the 'cocktail route,' and managed to pick up enough free lunches to keep body and soul together; but his clothes grew shabbier and shabbier, and it seemed a matter of hours only when they would refuse longer to hold to his frame. They were in the condition of the one-horse shay, just before it disintegrated. Things went on for a week or so. One Saturday afternoon Morrison walked into the local room and saw Demos sitting there, more ragged and more forlorn than ever, and said to him: 'Mr. Sparkle, I really cannot give you any work, and I must request you to keep away from the office.'

"Demos braced the city editor for an explanation. He got a flat-footed one. Morrison told him he was so shabby he couldn't send him out on a detail; that his appearance would disgrace the Monarch. I was on office that day and Sparkle looked very down-hearted as he told me he had just been kicked out of the building and touched me for a half a dollar. He was in no hurry to go, though; hung around for an hour or so and told me in part the story of his coming to San Francisco. Sparkle had beaten his way on the trains without much trouble from Denver to Ogden, but found the Central Pacific beyond his resources. He rode the brakebeam as far as Beowawe, Nevada, where he was kicked off the train by the conductor of the freight. Nevada was so

infested with tramps at that time that whenever he approached a house the dogs were sicked on him before he could open his mouth, or offer to work for a meal. Well, he tramped it to Battle Mountain, and, after being half-starved for a week, fell in with a cattle train, and was given his meals and a ride to Oakland, in consideration of caring for the cattle en route. Demos told me that he had seriously thought of drowning himself in the Humboldt river, before he got the job with the cattlemen, but the river was shallow, and every time he found a pool deep enough, something about it deterred him, and he would walk along in search of a better place in which to take the final plunge.

"Sparkle reached the Oakland mole without a nickel and the cattlemen would not give him the 15 cents then necessary to pay his fare across the ferry. He had had some trouble with them the last day out, he told me, because he had forgotten to do the work for which he had been hired. How he managed to cross the bay he would not tell, and looked very shame-faced when I asked him—the only time I ever saw him exhibit the failing of modesty. My opinion is that he was ashamed to admit that he was not resourceful enough to get across and had tramped it a hundred miles around the bay by way of San Jose.

"Sparkle left the office for the last time, as I supposed. Monday morning the Monarch sprang a full first page sensation under the scare-head 'Piety in Rags.' It was the tale of a tramp who had visited the leading churches of the city, with the reception he had received recorded in cold type. It was related with an air of truth and frankness that was convincing. Surly ushers, frowning preachers, the marble heart in the house of God, all were set down. At one of the swell churches he had been shown the door; at one or two minor places of worship he had been cordially received. There was a three-day sensation. Clergymen of churches which had not been visited wrote to say that the poor were always welcome in their congregations. Pastors of churches which had given the visitor a cool reception declared they would have the ushers discharged. There was much apol-

ogy and an amusing haste to shift blame from shoulders to other shoulders. Sparkle had caught on. The story at space rates was worth nearly \$40, and the news editor persuaded the boss to make it an even fifty. Wednesday was pay-day on the Monarch, then, as now, and no one in the local room saw him until then. I heard afterwards that he stayed in his room till Wednesday morning to hide his rags; reached the office that day before the cashier, and was the first to draw his pay. At 1 o'clock he sauntered into the local room, dressed in the best ready-made materials to be had from hat to patent leathers, and Morrison placed him regularly on the staff."

A boxing contest between Comstock and Tombstone interrupted Reed's narrative. The cat thoroughly detested Comstock, but in a moment of forgetfulness had incautiously approached within reaching distance, and the candidate for the club presidency had quickly wrapped him in a bear skin rug. Tombstone had some strange aversion for this bear skin (an atavistic fear most of the club members held), and resented the attack with his claws, drawing blood; whereat Comstock sought to cuff him, and the cat struck out like a prizefighter, retiring from the encounter with honors and an arched back.

Towards the end of the bout between the cat and Comstock, Steele had prodded Sanchez in the ribs as he lay at full length on the lounge, primarily to stop his snoring, and also to tell him to come to his brother's rescue. (Tombstone was black as Satan and the Creole was so swarthy that they were known to the club as the twins.)

"When was it that Sparkle ran his syndicate?" Cole asked, as Mose again responded to Comstock's diplomatic call, a bit of strategy which the election failed to reward.

"That was in '91," replied Steele, who, addressing himself to Sanchez, and pointing his moral by innuendo, proceeded briefly to sketch Sparkle's meteoric career. Prosperity had proved the undoing of Demos on the Monarch, Fakes, inspired of much drink, had exhausted Morrison's patience, till he had told Sparkle

to go. Demos had lasted six weeks on the *Courant*, the recollection of which was still a nightmare to that paper. Sparkle had managed to perpetrate a series of animal stories on the *Courant*. Seals had come to the rescue of drowning sailors off the Cliff House; cats had routed burglars in the Western Addition; elk and bison had fought in Golden Gate Park, and a rattlesnake loose in a Valencia street car had stampeded passengers, gripman and conductor. From the *Courant* Sparkle had gone to the *Reveille*. His first detail had been to report the banquet to President Harrison at the Palace Hotel, and he had forgotten to return to the office. That had ended his usefulness on the *Reveille*, and the day he applied to the *Alta*, that journal, which had been on the ragged edge for months, suspended.

"Sparkle saw the seamy side of life for some weeks. Past credit at various bars gave him free lunch privileges for a time. He haunted the Receiving Hospital where the medical students experiment on the unfortunate and divided their sandwiches with them. He kicked out the partition between the *Courant* and *Monarch* desks in the reporter's room at the Old City Hall, and camped there of nights. When October came news livened up, politics hummed, the miners' convention was in session, there were two or three other State affairs in progress, and reporters were in demand, Sparkle picked up four men out of work and one by one sent them, properly coached, to Morrison, who put them to work on the *Monarch*."

"It was a good scheme," said Reed. "The men were hobos, they weren't even skates, but Morrison fell into the trap. One was a Norwegian sailor, one a letter carrier, the third a waiter from a cheap restaurant, and the fourth a Geary street conductor, who had been discharged for using a 'brother-in-law.'"

"What's a brother-in-law?" innocently asked Comstock.

"Well, I'll be hanged; did you ever hear such ignorance?" said Steele. "A brother-in-law is a thing to help a conductor knock down. It's a false bell he rings so as not to register fares."

"When the scheme was in working order," continued Reed,

"Sparkle gave a reception to two or three of us in his room. He had a little back room in a Kearny-street lodging house. It was a cold night. The syndicate had not been in working order long enough to supply Demos with funds. 'We're poor, but we're hospitable,' he said. 'If you boys'll excuse me a couple of minutes I know a coal dealer who has a little shop back of the Palace Hotel who'll sell a fellow 10 cents worth of coal.' This was about 3 o'clock in the morning. In five minutes Sparkle came back looking like a Supervisor. He unbuttoned his coat and out dropped eight or ten chunks of coal, which were soon blazing their liveliest in the little grate. You know he roomed about two blocks from the Courant office. I've heard since that coal disappeared with astonishing rapidity in the Courant local room that season.

"All four of Sparkle's proteges were kept busily at work. Half the newspaper men in town knew of the scheme, but Demos was a good fellow and no one gave the snap away, so Morrison didn't catch on. The men got two details a day; that was \$3 apiece and a Sunday story and a little space was run in, so together they drew down about \$90 a week. Demos took half for his share.

"The four used to come down regularly to the police reporters' rooms. One of the hobos could write a fair hand and Sparkie dictated to him. The others told what they had been detailed to do, and Demos wrote up their copy. Then all four would start for the Monarch, going into the office about five minutes apart to turn in their stuff.

"Things went along swinmmingly for a month, and then Demos had to go on a booze. His proteges could not find him to get their stuff fixed and so they braced the city editor themselves. The waiter handed in his copy with little i's and badly misspelled, and Morrison told him he was drunk and discharged him. The sailor had been sent out on labor, and reported that he could not find Macdonald. This aroused Morrison's suspicions, for Macdonald did the labor detail on the Reveille, and it was to him Sparkle had been in the habit of sending the sailor for tips. On top of

this the letter carrier and the conductor reported that they had fallen down on their assignments. Morrison, who could not tell a drunken man unless his breath was strong enough to knock one down, suspected booze, but a new copy reader, who was on that night, told him the hobos were sober, so he began an inquisition which led to a confession by the sailor of the whole job. The four hobos were discharged, including the waiter. Morrison was so mad that he discharged him over again.

"By force of habit Sparkle came reeling into the police reporters' room down at the old City Hall about 2 o'clock that morning and stretched out on the desk. He was too far gone to understand, so we posted up notices all around him, sacred to the memory of the syndicate and locked him in for the night.

"Two days after that Sparkle disappeared.

"Poor old Demos! I haven't seen him since. He dropped completely out of sight. I suppose he's come to some tragic end before this," moralized Steele.

"Guess again," said Comstock. "It's comedy instead of tragedy; he's married." All of our faces expressed interrogation marks, and Comstock added: "Yes, he's married to the daughter of a Los Angeles banker. I was introduced to him in San Bernardino last month (you know I took a two weeks' vacation in Southern California.) Sparkle is quite a power the other side of Tehachapi; he's running a Prohibition paper for the one-lungers in Pasadena."

"The hell you say!" said Steele.

Then five voices in chorus shouted "Mose!" The steward came from the bar to take the orders. In an adjoining room the Press Club quartet was practicing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." Outside the rain beat a threnody on the window panes.

Tales from Tampa.

The Scoop That Failed.

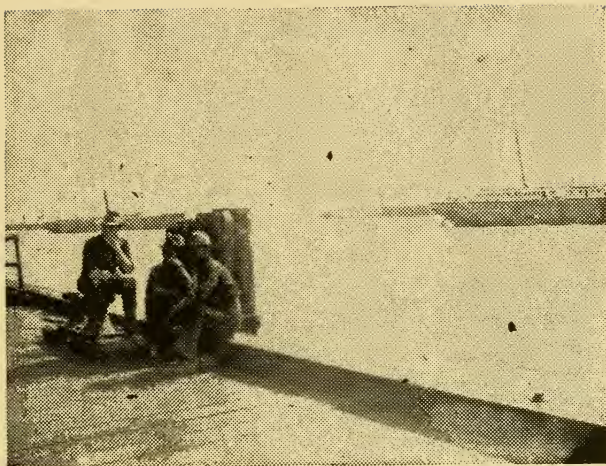
On the bulletin board of the Tampa Bay Hotel there appeared one noon quite a full account of the expedition of the *Gussie* to the coast of Cuba, the landing of men from the First Infantry, the encounter with a Spanish patrol, the wounding of one of the American invaders, and the capture of one of the enemy, the retreat to the steamer and its return to an American port.

This account was signed by a correspondent of a Western paper with the accompanying statement that the journal which he represented had issued an extra giving in detail the foregoing facts.

The bulletin board had been used by the newspapermen to announce the most important war news which their respective papers had to give and by the army to post orders of general interest.

New York newspapermen strolled back from luncheon too indifferent to notice the bulletin board. Chicago newspapermen, more curious, glanced at the board and laughed. The idea that Chicago could be scooped was preposterous. So they laughed and made comments and jeered about news coming from California by slow freight, while the New York contingent maintained its indifference until it was suggested that General Shafter be seen regarding the story.

General Shafter confirmed it. The facts were true. It was the first time that an American force had landed in Cuba. The men were from his old command, the First Infantry, stationed for years at San Francisco. They had been given the honor of making the first reconnoiter. The first American blood had been shed on Cuban soil. Then the New York men and the Chicago men berated Shafter and made the wires hot with specials to the



LOITERING ON THE PIER AT PORT TAMPA.

papers published in those cities, which speedily had extras on the streets announcing the facts.

It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when the correspondent who had scooped the world received a telegram from his paper. Just what form the congratulations would assume he was curious to know, so he hastily tore open the envelope and read a rebuke from his managing editor for wasting day tolls on an unimportant message. He was informed that the paper which he represented was not issuing extras over trivial events; that it had not issued an extra on the news sent, and to confine his telegrams to messages sent at night rates hereafter unless he really had some important news.

And the New York men and the Chicago men and the correspondents from Toronto and Des Moines, from Minneapolis and St. Louis frankly complimented him, and the San Francisco man kept his own counsel and his managing editor's telegram.

O'Shaughnessy and the Queen.

Primarily he was James O'Shaughnessy, Jr., incidentally war correspondent at Tampa of the Chicago Chronicle, and he looked his name.

With his name and personality went that hatred of the English and things English which he thought was rightfully his as a blood inheritance. Now, whether it was so or whether this hatred was the outgrowth of much study and agitation doesn't really matter. I incline to the latter belief as one who thinks that the doctrine of heredity is being overworked just now, but O'Shaughnessy insists that I am wrong and that he is the best judge of his own mental processes.

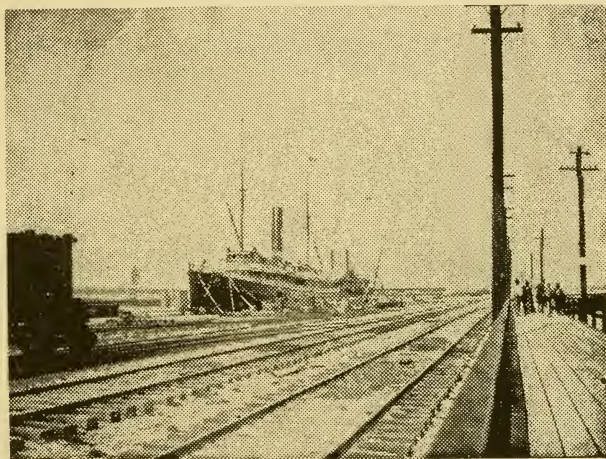
Among the hundred or more war correspondents at Tampa were representatives of English and Canadian papers, men from the London Times, the London Chronicle, the London Mail, the London Telegraph, the Manchester Guardian and other journals of note. There were British attaches, naval and military, as well as those of other nationalities, ready to accompany the army of invasion. There is a good-sized English colony in Florida, and the principal paper of the State, the Jacksonville Times-Union and Citizen, was Anglican in its editorial sympathies.

This was at a time when the press of continental Europe, with two exceptions, one a journal of Rome and the other published at Budapest, was reeking with vituperation of America and prophesying the success of the Spanish arms. It was also a time when the English press got on the right side so far as feeling and prophecy went, when the sentiment that blood was thicker than water was given open expression, when the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes were crossed and when the talk of a tangible though not official Anglo-American alliance found vogue.

The Queen's birthday fell while the troops were at Tampa. So the shipping and the transports in the harbor were dressed for the occasion, and the flags of the United Kingdom and the United

States draped the walls of the dining-room at the Tampa Bay Hotel. The dinner that day took the form of a banquet in honor of the Queen.

The night before as a guest of the hotel O'Shaughnessy protested. He would not drink a health to the sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. He would not dine in a building while a banquet was being given in honor of the



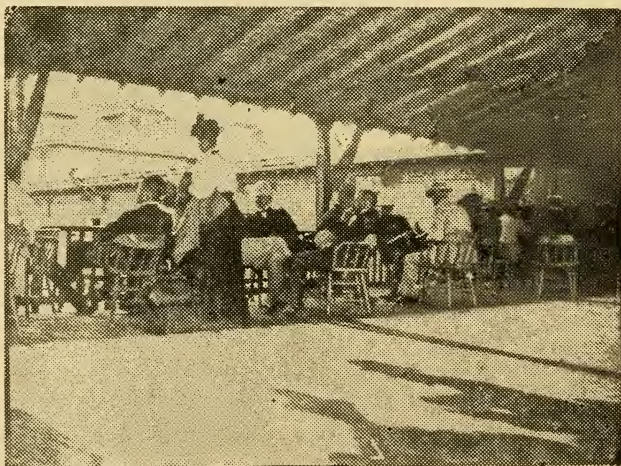
LOOKING TOWARD PORT TAMPA.

Queen, he swore, and by his silent presence seemingly acquiesce; and he kept his oath. He would not enter the dining-room while the English flag was there, he declared, and he didn't.

With the exception of O'Shaughnessy and a friend of his, we all partook of the usual noonday dinner, even the correspondents of the German papers. It was the usual dinner, though it was called a banquet, but there were speeches and responses. The American generals and those of the army of lesser rank, and the foreign at-

taches, all in their newest uniforms, were there. Prominent civilians were present, and the affair passed pleasantly with the health of the President and the Queen, and the usual interchange of courtesies.

It was after the decorations had been removed from the dining-room that we next saw O'Shaughnessy. He had persuaded Julian Harris, city editor of the Atlanta Constitution, to be his guest that day. Whether they dined at the inn on the pier, messed with the Cubans at West Tampa, or visited some restaurant in Ybor City or Fort Brooke, I do not know. Both gave assurance that they had had a better dinner than they could have obtained at the Tampa Bay Hotel, and that I believed and still do, but I have never learned how that dinner was itemized in O'Shaughnessy's expense account.



WHERE THEY GATHERED FOR SMALL TALK.

Censor and Correspondent.

Captain Brady, local censor, refuses to allow the correspondents of the leading American papers maintained here at heavy expense to send out the news, which, according to the Jacksonville Times, appears in the London Chronicle with your approval. The same class of news is published in the little dailies here with impunity. In other words, news which originates in Tampa is given publicity to the world, but the correspondents sent here by the press of the principal cities can wire nothing out. The news of Shafter's expedition goes all over the world, but we, who were sent here to write it, are refused the wires.

The foregoing telegram with "ofs" and "thes" omitted was sent from Tampa to General Greely, who, as head of the Signal Service at Washington was placed in charge of the press censorship. It was signed by the correspondents at Tampa of the leading American papers as a final protest against a foolish censorship, which was accomplishing nothing. Captain Brady was sustained by General Greely and the incident was officially closed. Thereafter the correspondents devoted themselves to outwitting Captain Brady with some measure of success. †

Newspapermen are not less patriotic than men of other callings. They average with the rest and would have yielded to any impartial censorship.

The correspondents who had accompanied General Shafter's headquarters from New Orleans, or had caught the train at Jacksonville, were invited to an informal conference by Colonel Babcock aboard the train on the night preceding its arrival at Tampa.

Colonel Babcock suggested that the newspapermen agree then and there to send nothing to their papers which could be of use to the enemy in the war which had just been declared by Spain. The newspapermen replied that there was no wish on their part to publish anything which could be of the least service to the Spanish or which would be in any way detrimental to the success

of the American arms; but as non-military men, they would not be the best judges of what might be deemed injurious from the point of view of the army. They knew news. They did not profess to know strategy and tactics.

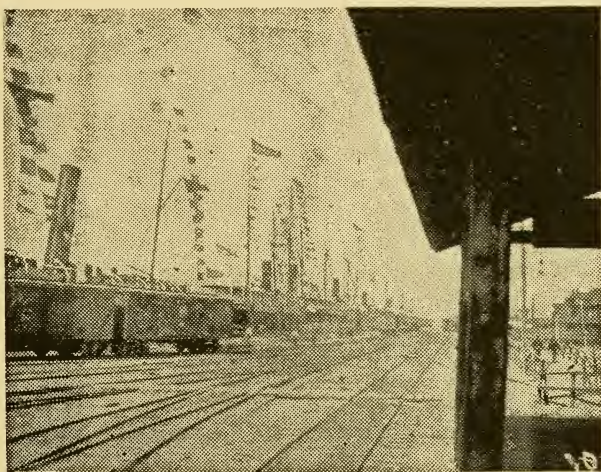
To Colonel Babcock's request for their pledge of honor they replied suggesting an impartial censorship. They had the censorship, some twelve days later. Impartial at first it afterward degenerated into a most arbitrary, and from the point of view of the writers, a most ineffectual and foolish, though annoying one.

For a few days correspondents wired what they chose, or as much of it as the limited telegraphic facilities at Tampa would permit. Then one day they found the wires closed to them. The censorship had been established, with Lieutenant Miley in charge and the State of Florida as his jurisdiction. Not a press message would be accepted unless it bore "O. K., Miley." The censorship was rigid, but absolutely fair. Lieutenant Miley was courteous, obliging as to hours, did everything to accommodate the newspapermen except to permit the sending of news, which, in his judgment, might be of use to the enemy, and his judgment, as a military man, practically excluded all war news. There were no protests. There was no adverse criticism of the censor. Three correspondents, who sought to evade the censorship by sending through the mails what was not permitted to go by wire, had their permits, issued by the War Department to accompany the American Army to Cuba, revoked. The papers which offended were informed that they would be allowed no representatives with the invading force.

Lieutenant Miley, afterwards promoted to a colonelcy, died while in service in the Philippines. In addition to his work as press censor at Tampa, Lieutenant Miley had multiform duties to perform as aide to General Shafter. As things began to shape themselves for the invasion, and the chaos at Tampa became worse, he was selected to bring something like order out of the confusion.

One afternoon a young man, reddish of beard, wearing white

leather shoes, having a reticule dangling at his waist, clad in the uniform of a lieutenant, entered the room where the correspondents were at work, and with a trace of pompousness that the newspapermen instinctively resented, informed them that he was Captain Brady, the new censor. He demanded their credentials, that he might write his name across them. Some complied. Some



TRANSPORTS DRESSED FOR THE DAY.

refused and were sustained by higher authority, since the wording of these credentials required that they should be viséd by the general in command.

Captain Brady was not a bad sort of a fellow, but he was young, possessed of the freshness of the Middle West, with more than his average of self-conceit, and he began wrong. First, he endeavored to lecture the correspondents, and then he talked of himself, and he talked too much. He was a newspaperman, he said, and he knew just how to deal with newspapermen. He had

once achieved a great scoop, and he related how he got it. Most of us who heard the recital would rather have done without that scoop than to have obtained it in the way Brady said he had secured it.

A newspaperman is a newspaperman all over the United States and he knows his fellows. We knew that Brady was not. He had written a little for some papers, but he betrayed himself. His assumed familiarity was misplaced. First, he fixed an hour at which all copy should be submitted, an impossible hour for practical newspapermen. Then he failed to keep his own hour. Finally he refused the wires altogether, except to permit the correspondents to send out "No news to-night," and then he relaxed the rigidity of the order. He undertook to prohibit the little dailies in Tampa from publishing the news, but found that he had gone without his province and the dailies defied him and went on publishing. The news in these papers, as soon as they reached points outside of Florida, like Atlanta and Savannah, was wired broadcast. Then the newspaper correspondents sent their futile protest to Greely and then they fought the censor with their own weapons. Letters were sent to towns beyond his jurisdiction and placed on the wires. One correspondent who had forwarded many photographic films sent an apparently long and meaningless message to his paper, explaining that he thought one film in four would develop. A lucky guess at the home office prompted the copy reader to search for the cipher. He read every fourth word and his paper flashed real news from Tampa. This was repeated for several days until the censor became suspicious, when this form of communication was prudently abandoned.

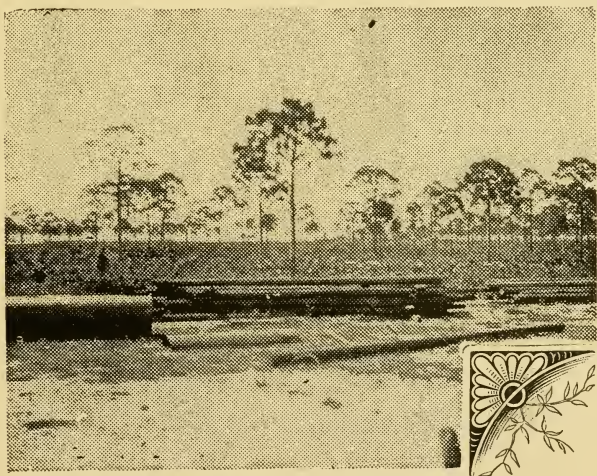
But the censor fought back through the head office at Washington. False news was given out at the national capital, which was sent broadcast over the country. Most of the newspapers published it in spite of warnings from their Tampa correspondents not to do so.

A week or ten days before the transports sailed with the army of invasion for Cuba it was announced from Washington that the expedition had started. Even so careful a paper as the New York

Sun was tricked into publishing this statement at length, while the New York Journal out-yellowed itself with a full first-page picture of the departure of the transports.

But the worst of Brady's censorship was his ignorance of what good faith should be. He commented upon the copy submitted, discussed where other newspapermen could hear what their rivals had written, and even went so far as to read aloud to a little coterie which he had gathered about him some of the press dispatches which had been filed.

If the United States is to engage in future wars it would be a wise thing for the Government to study the censorship problem.



A CHARACTERISTIC LANDSCAPE IN FLORIDA.

Electric Cavern of Las Savinales.

A gulch washed out between steep lime hills, a waterless stream winding its gravelly way with sharp turns against jutting bluffs or dividing before some giant boulder, the hills crowned with maguey and ocatilla and scraggy flakes of blue lime, southward a wall of serrated granite peaks, whence in time past the skeleton of a stream, which was now dry, had received the wash of tropic rains and had roared down its steep course, a living, savage torrent—these were the natural features. A group of tents, irregularly pitched to suit convenience, and set down upon the compromise between steep and flat, which lay at the foot of one of the lesser hills sloping into the ravine, formed our settlement. An American prospecting camp (it hardly rose to the dignity of a mining camp, boasting but one claim, and that La Plancha de la Plata, just back of our village of tents, from which ore was being shipped), it was situated in that picturesque, sun-burned desert region of Northern Chihuahua, known as Las Savinales, equidistant from comparative civilization, some one hundred and forty miles to El Paso and Deming.

Some thirty and odd Americans, we had prospected the country about, each having with him the miner's trinity—rifle, canteen and pick. Water there was none save what was carried. Apaches, under that old renegade, Geronimo, were out on raid, and the unarmed prospector was worse than defenseless. So, to the fatigue of prospecting was added the spice of danger, which, perhaps, put a little spirit into weary limbs, and, had occasion offered, doubtless would have added haste as well.

After more or less ill-success, the searchers for silver had gradually discovered, most of them, what were sure to be paying claims, and blasting and drilling took the place of prospecting, and the hills about became the busy scene of noise and labor.

One day I started for San Jose by buckboard with eighty pounds of ore for a mill run; made that station on the Mexican Central about midnight of the day following and El Paso the next noon. The mill run showed twenty ounces of silver to the ton. Silver was then worth a dollar an ounce (this was in 1885), but the cost of production, owing to the situation of my claim, would not be less than \$75 a ton, so I never went back to Las Savinales.

I happened to be in El Paso in 1898, and chanced to meet one of my old prospecting friends, now holding a Government position there. This is the story he told, first requesting that his name be withheld, and then reduced it to writing:

"I had been less successful than others. I had wandered about prospecting with a thoroughness worthy of a better result and had been unsuccessful in finding even the trace of a metal-bearing ledge. Just about dusk one evening, as, weary with the day's vain quest, I sat upon a round lime boulder, musing like Mirza upon the vanity of human affairs, my eye chanced to glance at a peculiar outcropping about two rods distant.

"A peculiar impulse, one of those unaccountable freaks that sometimes takes possession of a man's mind, prompted me to investigate. A ringing blow with my pick and a hollow, echoing sound caused further exploration, and I soon forced an opening into a cavern.

"The rock broken from a vein within the opening glistened with ruby silver in tiny specks, the *rosa clara* of the Mexicans, and a dark vein of *plata negra* seamed the punctured edge. Here were discovery and hope; but as it was then dark I hastened to return to my camp, first carefully concealing my work that others should not profit instead of myself.

"Some mischance delayed me the next morning. It was past 1 o'clock when I at last made ready to start, and as the distance was considerable I decided to go fully prepared with provisions and candles to make a full exploration and to remain if necessary for the night.

"Reaching the spot, a few strokes served to clear away a good-

sized opening, and, removing the debris, I entered or rather dropped, for below me about eight feet, as I judged, was a shining, glistening floor or shelf of rock.

"Once in, curiosity tempted me for the time being to forget my search for silver-bearing leads and to make a thorough investigation of the cavern.

"The cave was in lime formation, and a practical knowledge of geology, though I doubt then if I had ever read a word upon the subject, led me to believe that it might be extensive. So I wandered on for perhaps two hours through long tunnels, vaulted chambers, lighting my way with my miner's candle.

"Suddenly, when, as I supposed, approaching the end of a huge arched natural passageway, I came upon an opening to the right from which a pale light issued.

"I turned and entered, and as I did so carelessly stumbled against a box of some kind. I knew it was a box by a something of a yield to the pressure, which rock never gives to the touch.

"Collecting myself, relighting my candle, which had been extinguished by the fall, I proceeded to an examination.

"As I did so, I was startled by a groan. I was sure I heard the groan, and so certain was I that I fancied that I could detect the mingled tone of anger and despair.

"I jumped to my feet and stood listening. Nothing disturbed the silence. I lingered, waiting for a moment or two, and then, mentally cursing my folly, stooped down and with a sudden wrench tore fastenings and lid at once from the box.

"As I did so, I beheld at a glance curiously formed ornaments, both of gold and silver (as it seems to me now, beaten out by hand and queerly interwoven in a delicate, lace-like work), a sort of prepared parchment from cotton, if such a term may be used in describing the scroll, upon which strange hieroglyphics were painted in bright colors, and in one corner of the box a heap of ashes from which several human bones protruded.

"At the same moment that I had wrenched the lid from the box and beheld at one glance, as it were, the contents, a strange,

hissing, crackling sound, to which for comparison nothing more nearly approaches it in tone than the high sizzle of an electric car, greeted my ear, together with the same long-draw-out groan of wrath and despair.

"Then the faint light which illuminated the place and which I had forgotten for the time began to grow brighter. It was not like a phosphorescent light, but seemed to be something in the nature of the incandescent electric flame.

"I looked about me, and in the full glare which now obtained beheld, arched above, a square-walled room, abounding in niches, in which grinned a great number of human skulls from and about which played great masses of soft flames and little shooting rays of light.

"My hair stood on end; my brain seemed afire and my whole frame was bathed in a cold perspiration. I am not superstitious, but for a moment I stood spellbound, and then with a wild, maniac-like cry, I fled.

"However I managed to get out my memory fails me. I must have wandered about in dark passages of the cavern for hours, for I had dropped candle and everything in my flight.

"At length a glimmer of the outer light reached me, and, making my way thither, I soon found myself in the open morning air.

"I had escaped by a different outlet than the opening through which I had entered the cavern, and shortly reached what had been the camp.

"Had I passed through a Rip Van Winkle episode? Camp and tents had disappeared, save for the fragments which littered the ground.

"A short inspection convinced me that I had not slumbered for twenty years, but that a visit of Apaches had caused the sudden and fearful change.

"Secreting myself for the day, at night I started for the Mexican Central Railway, and with nothing beyond a tiresome jaunt for three nights I reached a little station, and was thence quickly transported to El Paso.

"Here I found my companions, who had escaped the Apaches, luckily seeing them in time and leaving an unoccupied camp to their tender mercies. As I had failed to return at the usual time, they had thought me captured or butchered.

"I related my strange adventure and endeavored to recruit a party and return and make a thorough investigation, but either doubting my tale or fearing to go back to an Apache-infested region, my companions, one and all, refused.

"I never returned to the camp, and to this day am at loss to fathom the strange things I saw and heard in the cavern of Las Savinales.

"Devoting since then something of a study to the correlation of forces, the change from mechanical motion to molecular or atomic, the conversion of heat and light into electricity and the general interchange of all the forces of nature, as a layman in philosophy, I hazard a solution, which may or may not be based upon scientific principles. I am tempted to believe that the vital force may, by some means unknown to us, but with which the ancient Aztecs were familiar, be converted into other forms of energy and that when death seemed about to ensue to any of the more favored mortals of Aztlan, the high priests, by their arts, changed thought and the life current into the electrical force, which, lingering about the form of the once man, produced the peculiar manifestation I beheld.

"Perhaps the ulterior purpose may have been, when ages should have rolled around and the proper conditions should have been attained, to restore to consciousness and living life by the reconversion of the electric force to human will and thought."

Tale in which the Moral is made to Precede the Story.

A strange story was related some years ago to which I attach little credence, but the story, such as it is and as I remember it, is given fully. It seems queer that scientists should be so easily misled, and yet are they not? Isn't there, after all, a good deal of pretense, or guesswork, not to call it by the harsher term of charlatanism or quackery on the part of science or its exponents? There is a sort of claim to infallibility by the modern philosophers, which is not just what modesty should demand. The age of empiricism has not ended yet, and to the man who looks at the prospect fairly, little indications of its coming to an end appear.

If scientists could have been deceived with the workings of a finite cosmos in miniature, can they not be deceived in other ways? May not Professor Jacques Loeb of Chicago, with his death agent and his life agent contending for mastery, be the agent of his own delusion? Mahomet and some other founders of world religions are supposed to have been the victims of their own imaginations and to have fondly thought that what they gave was truth absolute and eternal. May not the apostles of science be equally deceived in themselves and their deductions? This may be an unusual way of prefacing a story with the moral, but perhaps there may be more of a tale in the moral than in the story itself.

The moral might be extended with a local application. Is it an unfair question to ask if the plague-finders of this Coast, who busied themselves some time ago with a great scare, might have erred like the scientist who hoped to start the process of creation anew, and with this hope strong, actually announced that he had done so? Is it altogether unfair to answer the question, and strongly in the affirmative, in the face of the fact of one known and acknowledged grievous blunder? Perhaps one other question

would not be too much of a digression, and that is this: How many bacteriologists of this city would undergo a test with slides of various bacilli and agree to guess each one correctly?

The story to which the moral has been prefixed follows:

I had always been fond of experimental study, but after my own manner—not content with the usual plodding efforts of the student, but striking out into the domains of science and delving after the secrets of nature in my own way.

Mental phenomena and the relations between mind and matter attracted a large part of my attention, and in the enthusiasm of youth I became a sort of pantheist, not exactly worshipping nature, of a buoyant disposition with a fair share of conceit, rather above worshipping anything, I thought, not willing to brook a superior even though that superior be superhuman, yet nature was my god as much as anything I had.

With such views, reasoning upon the infinitude of space and motion, by analogy I deduced my own laws of cause and effect, planned the creation as it should have been, and made, like many another modern philosopher, force and matter, the all in all of existence.

This being true and my premises, as I thought, too well grounded to admit dispute, I deduced life as the vital force and its mental correlatives as but the expression in new terms (I had grown to think in a mathematical way, though often with a rather vague understanding, which hardly seemed in accord with the science of exactness) of matter in motion. Life and thought, thought I, are existent in and throughout nature, an inseparable part of the whole, though latent, except as manifested in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and need but the proper conditions to be brought forth from what we have been pleased to term inert, inorganic matter.

To produce light a certain rapidity of atomic or molecular motion only is needed; to produce sound vibration within certain limits of time; to produce electricity the conversion of mechanical motion by proper appliance suffices; to produce life, what?

There must have been a time when life as we know it in its organized expression, did not exist on earth, and when neither animal nor vegetable was. There must have been conditions which brought about their existence. To discover these conditions, to reproduce them, and with such restart creation and a new series of evolution, here was my problem, and to it I gave my undivided attention.

It was with no thought of placing myself in the relation of Deity to matter, neither did I have any of the superstitions which coming down to us from the Middle Ages, yet linger in respectable proportion among the generation of the time. No alchemy or black art was to further my plans, but a careful study of the laws of nature, I became convinced, would yield me the secret of the origin of life.

Taken all in all, that simplest combination made in Nature's workshop, so simple that the ancients constituted it one of the four elements, water, the union of two atoms of hydrogen with one of oxygen, is one of the most remarkable in its powers and properties, its capacities for change and modification outside of the common everyday notions, which we have in regard to it. It enters into every composition. It is the without which nothing of existence, constitutes the major portion of the make-up of material organisms, and is seven-eighths of man himself. This must be the basis of my experiment, the link between organic and inorganic substance, I determine, and conditions being imposed with auxiliary materials to induce cell formation and growth, and with bioplasm once started and subject to control and modification, what possibilities lay before the scientist.

Experiment succeeded experiment; years rolled along; success failed to mark my name with distinction, but still I persisted in my efforts. Wrinkled age took the place of youth. What had been perhaps a praiseworthy effort in the young man was the visionary scheme of a crank, in one past sixty. So the world thought, and not only thought, but unkindly shouted aloud.

My cosmos was a glass sphere. Within and separate from all external matter pure distilled water occupied one-third the vol-

ume. Nitrogen, oxygen and the various gasses formed an atmosphere, weightier and more complex than that with which we of the world are surrounded. Here in my miniature universe, held in solution, iron and phosphorus and other elements lay ready for the fiat which should go forth to transform and unite into a living whole the discordant parts.

For years experiments with the actinic rays of light with electricity in its numberless forms, galvanism and magnetism had been followed up, each change carefully noted down, the errors deducted, but the sphere in its contents remained inert.

A severe illness kept me from my investigations for several weeks, when becoming convalescent one morning I entered my studio, and beheld the thing accomplished for which I had so long labored.

A viscid, quivering mass of jelly-like tissue lay submerged in the water at the bottom of the globe. With eagerness I grasped the sphere to bear it to the light for a closer inspection. Weak from illness and excitement, the globe slipped from my hands and my cosmos lay shattered upon the floor.

The shock must have been severe, for the mass of bioplasm which lay upon the floor had yielded up the ghost of its ephemeral and unconscious life, and was but dead organized matter whence no descent of species could be evolved.

However, my life-long labor had been crowned with success. Rumors of my wonderful discovery went abroad. Savants of all nations and speaking every language were my guests. Chemical analysis and the researches of scientists pronounced my discovery genuine, but it was thought advisable to keep the matter quiet, until a repetition of the experiment might be made, and the living tissue again formed.

My residence, I had forgotten to state, was close by one of our great universities, famed for scientific instruction, and fully abreast of the times in the new departure of learning. The professors of the institution took much interest in my success and together we experimented anew.

Among the students at this university was a nephew of mine, who made his home with me, a bright lad, fond of a joke, and not at all particular as to whom he made the butt of one.

One evening when the professors, as usual, were at my home discussing their scientific themes, with a boldness unaccountable in one so young, my nephew, taking part in the conversation, began to deride the claims of science and to urge the superiority of the common, every-day practicability of the Philistine over the learning and deep research of the sage, and the sweetness and light of Mathew Arnold and his apostles.

The argument waxed warm. Aged superciliousness challenged youthful conceit. But the clincher came at last when my nephew, driven to the wall by the united words of his adversaries, calmly threw a bomb into the ranks of his opponents, which scattered them in dismay, and this was, that the mass of bioplasm, which I had fondly till then supposed the first in a new series of creation, the triumph of my mind over the secrets of the universe, and in which all my scientific friends had with me agreed, was but plain ordinary gelatine purchased at the village store and surreptitiously introduced into my cosmic contrivance.

The scientific corps of the university bade me a frigid adieu, linking me with the exposure of their pretentions, as though I was not as much a sufferer as they.

I have given up scientific research and have settled down to the plain life of a farmer. I am not disposed to so much egotism in my ideas of pantheism and a world without a Divine Master. I have no interest more in the origin of species, the descent of man, Darwinism, Huxleyism, and all the other scientificisms; but if I am not exactly sure of the truth of the Mosaic account of the creation, I have become a thorough churchman, and find I am satisfied to rest the mysteries of creation with a higher Power than man's.

My nephew? He is at the head of a great trust. Well, he always was a Philistine and his income is big enough to buy up any amount of sweetness and light.

Awheel to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

For two hundred miles the muddy, yellow waters of the Colorado, churned to a mad foam, tear along the rugged bed of a canyon a mile or more in depth. A score of Yosemitees might be hidden in the great gorge where the river breaks through the pine-clad plateau of northern Arizona. It was here that Nature set her masterpiece, to which pyramid and Parthenon are as naught.

Seventy-two miles of stage-road lie between the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and Flagstaff on the line of the Santa Fe-Pacific. Few there are of our seventy odd millions, who take the journey, though it is made with a certain degree of comfort. Even women tourists do not hesitate at the stage ride. They feel repaid with the view at the end of the trip for ten hours of jolting over boulders in a vehicle which threatens to topple at every sudden turn. The road is mapped for bicycles, too, and the Coconino wheelmen give an occasional run from Flagstaff. A stage follows them to pick up the weary, who begin to drop out all along the way from Hell's Half Acre to Moqui.

Two of us—W. N. Bush, principal of the San Francisco Polytechnic High School, and the writer—made the trip in the early part of October, 1897. Ours were bicycles geared for the smooth lanes of Golden Gate Park and the roads about the bay. This high gearing doubled the tediousness of the journey through the hummocks of the pine forests, across the spurs of the San Francisco mountains, and along the cowpaths of the mesa, where cacti seemed to lie in wait for a chance to puncture.

It was daylight when we left Flagstaff. A frost lay on the ground, for at an elevation of 7,000 feet the nights are cool and snappy even in October. For four or five miles the road parallels the railway, and then turns into the natural park, which flanks the



A STORM IN THE GRAND CANYON.

Above on the plateau the sky is clear, but the clouds surge from peak to peak within the walls of the great chasm.

eastern slope of the mountains. There are nine miles of easy grades and hard roadbed with the shadows of the pines, as protection from the sun's glare. At several points confusing branches lead off to the cliff dwellings in Walnut canyon and to the caves once inhabited, it may have been, by the ancestors of the Pueblo Indians of today. Here and there are patches of fine cinders, the not very remote output of the craters which lie all about this section of Arizona. Then comes a drop from the mesa to a little valley, used as a sheep range, and the wheelman's difficulty begins. The stage has cut great ruts in the soft soil. This gives the rider the option of the sharp ridge, or the left-hand or the right-hand rut. Whichever selection he makes he will rue his choice. Weeds border the ruts, a tangle growth covers the ridge, and the wiry branches wind about the spokes with a persistency of evil.

Beyond are the hills, with many a weary climb, a steep way, strewn with bowlders from the mountain torrents, which come tumbling down when a cloud bursts on the peaks above. The tops of the higher summits are bare but half way up, their flanks show the yellow sheen of the aspens, gaudy with the touch of the frost. The pines form a fringe of sombre green below.

As we toiled with the ascent, off to the east, higher and higher, rose Sunset Peak, ruddy-brown and bare. There is an Arizona tradition that never a day in the year fell so cloudy but that the sun found some rift through which to bathe the peak in light. From sunrise to sunset it throws back a mellow glow.

Hell's Half Acre is not half named. Struggle through it with a wheel and you will increase its dimensions, too. By some strange juxta-position of the cycling map the Garden of Eden lies next to it; but the garden is a myth, for where we should have found it, it was not; only a repetend of the Half Acre on a scale somewhat less, habitat of the horned toad, and of at least one tarantula, which I saw and killed.

After jesting at the expense of myself, my wheel, and the misfortunes of both, Bush had constituted himself an advance guard, steadily increasing the distance between us. Twenty-eight miles

beyond Flagstaff are crossroads, both a menace and a puzzle to the strange cyclist. There is a signpost from which the signs had fallen. Bush found the boards near by, fitted them to the rusted



LOOKING ACROSS THE GRAND CANYON FROM THE SADDLE OF AYER'S PEAK.

Although it is midday the foreground appears black from the dense shadow cast by the canyon's wall, beneath which the camera stood.

nails, read wrong, (he had been warned at Flagstaff always to turn to the left) and took a rough mountain trail, which led him some five miles off the main road. He found his way by climbing to the top of an old crater, where he could see, miles ahead, the

two ruts the wheels of the stage had made, towards which, shouldering his bicycle, he trudged in an air-line.

Half an hour afterwards I reached the signpost from which the signs had again fallen. The most inviting way at the crossroads leads to the right. There is a long vista of a down grade. It was well for me just then that two horsemen came in from the south and warned me to keep straight ahead. The way to the right, which opened with such promise, led to the little Colorado, and the Mormon settlement at Tuba City. It is a waterless stretch of nearly seventy miles upon which many a luckless wheelman has gone astray. This is the road which an officer of the Coconino Cycling Club once took. Hours afterwards a rescue party found him almost dead of thirst. When an Arizonan can miss his way in this wilderness, it is not at all strange that a tender-foot, as a newcomer to the territory is called, should go astray. The chance of meeting a human being is of the slightest; there is less chance for the discovery of water. To go without it for a few hours is agony, to be without it for the twenty-four sometimes means death.

Some miles beyond the Tuba City crossing is a little plateau covered with scrubby juniper. The way to it is through a break in the mountain wall. There the road which runs to the west of San Francisco Peak forms a junction with that which we had taken. Thence to the stage relay station at Cedar Ranch thirty-five miles from Flagstaff, the grade descends and the wheels run of themselves. To the weary bicyclist this little stretch of downhill is a mighty relief. It was past noon when we reached Cedar Ranch. Water, ice-cold, piped from a nearby spring, was there; the first we had had since leaving the railway. The exertion in the thin, dry air had so parched throat and tongue that we reached this, the midway point of the journey, almost speechless.

The later half of the trip to the canyon's rim presents less difficulty. Bicyclists avoid the stage road after leaving Cedar Ranch, and ride the cow trails. These lead away from the road oftentimes a half mile or more, and the wheelmen must then risk

a ride across the stunted vegetation, dodging the little clumps of spiny cacti, until he finds a path more nearly paralleling the line followed by the stage. There are some miles of plain sloping off towards the Little Colorado, and then comes a series of gulches



AYER'S PEAK WITH ITS CASTELLATED SUMMIT.

The photograph plainly shows the farther wall of the canyon, thirteen miles away.

through which the roadway winds until it strikes the edge of the great Coconino pine forest, which covers the plateau to the south of the Grand Canyon. At Moqui, almost to the last relay station, wheels showed signs of punctures. There was riding of flat tires

and a final walk of ten miles into Thurber's Camp. Wrecked wheels and riders when they returned to Flagstaff went by stage.

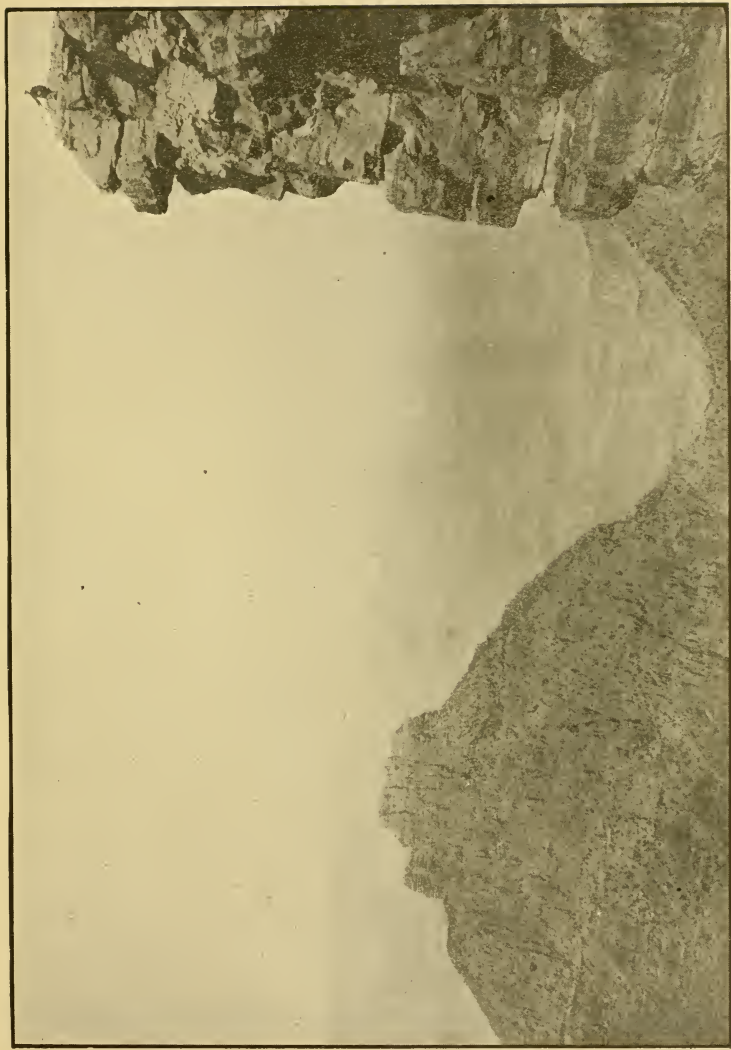
Thurber's Camp lies on the very brink of the canyon. There is a comfortable log cabin, containing sitting-room, dining-room and kitchen, and ample lodging accommodations are provided in floored tents.

I caught the first glimpse of the canyon by moonlight. Not 300 yards from the camp is one of the best points of vantage along the whole 200 miles of this gigantic fissure. The color tones which are so varied by day were lacking, much of the panorama lay in shadow, but the view could disappoint no one. The shimmering needles, which crown Ayer's Peak raising its battlements out of a bottomless abyss, stood out in the foreground. To the right a series of gorges led down to the river, which could be faintly seen. To the left an endless chain of canyons seemed to sweep off towards the dim divide, where the river must find its way. Castles of rock rose on every hand out of the depths, and back of all lay the grim, dark wall which marked the other side of the canyon.

Photographs flatter most landscapes as they do most persons. It is not so with the Grand Canyon. Neither photographs, paintings, nor words do it justice. The realization is greater than the anticipation. There is a vastness of detail that seems almost infinite.

Along the river above Thurber's are many rocky promontories from which as many changeful views may be had. Two of the most celebrated are Moran's Point and Bissell's Point. The artist painted his great picture from the point, which bears his name. At Bissell's, some time ago, two Yale students were killed by a stroke of lightning. Go where you will, look where you will, the scene enchants you.

It was my good fortune to view a thunder-storm in the Grand Canyon from the rim, and to see a cloud burst on Bright Angel, one of the most conspicuous of the pinnacles. Clouds surged from gorge to gorge with the musketry accompaniment of thunder.



THE RIDER GIVES HIS WHEEL THE OUTER POST, THE PLACE OF HONOR.

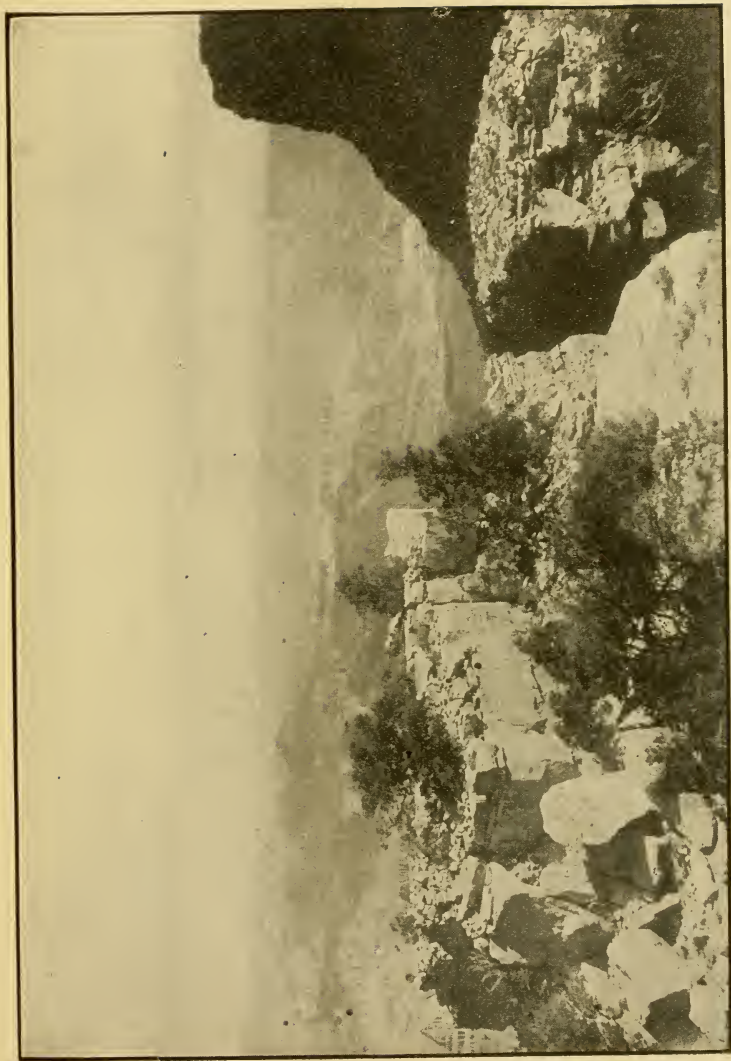
The camera fails to reach the lower depths. There is a sheer drop of a thousand feet. Aver's peak and the saddle connecting it with the canyon's rim are seen, and beyond the saddle the faint line of the Colorado river shows.

Rain fell on one peak, while another, not half a mile away, smiled in the sunshine. There was a vividness of color, which it takes a moist day to bring out. The prevailing tone in the canyon is a subdued red. There are tints of yellows and buffs and sage greens. Pines and junipers with their restful verdure relieve the eye. Away below the Colorado rolls its muddy volume furiously along the chasm. With the perpetual shift of light and shade the scene constantly changes. New castles and pinnacles, unseen before, come into view with kaleidoscopic rapidity. The buttressed walls of the abyss disclose their secrets charmingly. Dome and minaret glint with a stray ray from the sun, again to pass into shadow and disappear that some new charm may strike the eye. It is nature's lecture without words, but illustrated in a way that the cunning of man can never imitate. Her stereopticon may not be copied.

From a hundred points you may look sheer down a thousand feet. You may stand on one of a score of overhanging rocks where you cannot see the hither wall—only the bottom of the chasm. From out the depths rise great cones like volcanic isles out of the sea. The canyon has its thousands of ramifications. There is a labyrinth of lesser fissures, which join the central gorge. The farther wall lies thirteen miles away, and between, it is as if the bottom had dropped out of the earth, save where the jagged peaks rise from the very heart of the canyon. Across and to the north a hundred and more miles away, the dim blue line of a mountain chain in Utah stands against the horizon. Between canyon wall and mountain is a pine-covered tableland, plainly green in the foreground, and gradually merging away into the indistinct.

The walls of the Grand Canyon rise from five to seven thousand feet above the bed of the river. There are few places where they may be scaled. At various points cliff dwellings are found perched for the most part on pinnacles seemingly inaccessible, but in extent and variety they do not compare with those in Walnut Canyon near Flagstaff.

There are views to be had within the canyon and from the river's



THE GRAND CANYON FROM MORAN'S POINT.

In the foreground are ruins of cliff dwellings. The muddy waters of the Colorado are plainly seen below. Overhead a storm is brewing. Beyond the farther wall of the canyon is seen the faint line of a mountain chain in Utah, a hundred and more miles away.

channel well worth the seeing, but the rim presents the points of vantage. Several trails descend to the river. Hance's new trail is the one most traveled. It zigzags for seven miles along the bluffs like an almost infinite series of Z's. Hance, the guide, is a character. He has a little homestead on the rim and spends his spare time and dollars in repairing the trail. The task is an endless one, as every few weeks there is a washout and the work has to be done again. The trip by trail to the river is made with mules and is not without its spice of danger.



The Baile at Clifton :

As It Was.

Blind of an eye, the fiddler played on a three-stringed violin; and ever the same old tune he made, wore ever the same old grin. The rough board floor and the rougher wall to the jostling crowd, they creaked. There was beer, mescal or the Scotch high-ball while the fiddle screamed and shrieked.

So the miner danced in his wild, weird night to the blaze of the tallow dip, and varied it all with brawl and fight and a ready hand at hip. For the smile he fought of his lady fair, though painted she was like sin, and the fiddler kept to his lonesome air and ever he seemed to grin; for the lady fair was fair by paint since ever the Indian cross, and ever and aye the mixed-blood taint showed plain through the surface gloss.

And the glasses clinked at the sloppy bar and the oaths they were somewhat rude, for this is a tale of things that are and of social form that's crude. So they danced and drank and drank and swore, and once was a pistol shot, and a form lay stretched on

the rough board floor, and a man that was, was not. But they took the corpse to a nearby tent, and on they went with the dance, for as yet the night it was not half spent; manana, to-morrow, perchance?

And the frontier keeps to a two-fold law like the moral code for sin, and the man who tempts it must be raw if he wears a dusky skin. For the frontier holds to its double code, and the man who shot was white, and the man he hurried to death's abode, he was neither black nor light.

It is treat and dance and dance and treat to each of the painted bunch—mescal or beer and a cigareet, by way of a Mexican lunch. And the dance went on and the fiddler played on his three-stringed violin, yet ever the same old tune he made and ever he seemed to grin.

And the moon went down and the day put out the lamps in the desert sky; till the sun came searching all about with his bleary and torrid eye.

As It Might Have Been.

'Twas the farewell to meat before
Lent,

The baile at Clifton, I went.

'Twas a harpist without any harp,
Guitar and a polka, G. sharp.

One-two, twang-two, one-two,
twang-two,

One-two, twang-two, one-two,
twang-two,

Twang—twang—twang—twang—
Twang-two, twang-two, twang.

'Twas the baile at Clifton we met,
An eye that was blacker than
jet,

'Twas a finger that snapped cas-
tanet,

A figure that danced in our set.

One-two, twang-two, one-two,
twang-two,

One-two, twang-two, one-two,
twang-two,

Twang—twang—twang—twang—
Twang-two, twang-two, twang.

'Twas the rhythm of an endless
old tune,

The air with wild fragrance was
strewn,

Carcarones at random were
thrown,

The music kept on all alone.

One-two, twang-two, one-two,
twang-two,

One-two, twang-two, one-two,
twang-two,

Twang—twang—twang—twang—
Twang-two, twang-two, twang.

'Twas a word betwixt dance and
the next,

A chaperon plainly was vexed;

'Twas as well she was also per-
plexed,

Her Spanish reply was a text.

One-two, twang-two, one-two,
twang-two,

One-two, twang-two, one-two,
twang-two,

Twang—twang—twang—twang—
Twang-two, twang-two, twang.

'Twas an endless refrain of the
strings,

An echo of musical things;

'Twas to dance the Chihualhua
quadrille,

All eight snapped the time with
a will.

One-two, twang-two, one-two,
twang-two,

One-two, twang-two, one-two,
twang-two,

Twang—twang—twang—twang—
Twang-two, twang-two, twang.

'Twas the turn in the whirl of
the dance,

At meeting, at parting, a glance;

'Twas the heart of a man to en-
trance,

The baile, the music, perchance.

One-two, twang-two, one-two,
twang-two,

One-two, twang-two, one-two,
twang-two,

Twang—twang—twang—twang—
Twang-two, twang-two, twang.

'Twas the baile at Clifton near
dawn;

The guests of the evening were
gone;

'Twas the ultimate strain on the
strings,

A haunting refrain that she
sings.

One-two, twang-two, one-two,
twang-two,

One-two, twang-two, one-two,
twang-two,

Twang—twang—twang—twang—
Twang-two, twang-two, twang.

The Apacheid, An Arizona Epic of the Eighties.

Nor feathered arrow nor twanging bow,
Nor the flint-tipped spear, I sing,
But a Winchester new (I'm modern, you know,
And I use the skill of my brainy foe
And the scientific thing.)

My god is a snake or a crooked stick,
The great bear's claws, an adobe brick,
Or anything under the sun
My faith's the faith of the Ishmaelite,
(Ever a treacherous one.)
To all mankind, or brown or white,
Mine is the gospel of hate and spite.

When the cactus blooms on the mountain side,
And the grama's green in the valley,
I blanket my steed for a wild old ride,
With carbine and cartridge and pistol beside,
Start off on a murderous sally.

I skulk in the rocks of some canyon box,
Or stealthily lie in wait
For the passer-by with a cunning eye
And a hand that's sure as Fate.

By the coppery gleam of the dried-up stream
That flows through the Gulch of Chase's
You'll find I have strayed, the result of my raid
In more than a few faint traces.

I slaughter and steal for our common weal,
I keep the land in a stew,
By way of a feeler I raid the Gila,
And laugh at the troops pursue.

I'm here, I'm there, I am everywhere:

Oh! I set up a cry and hue
From river forks to Rancher York's
And all along the Blue.

There's a merry wail keeps with my trail
Across the San Simon,
So I hide in the towers of the Chiricahuas,
Or dash for the Mogollon.

I signal my folk with a column of smoke,
However far asunder,
Or I leave a sign when I ride the line
And mock at the Bluecoats' blunder.

There's a bloody path that points my wrath,
Ere I strike the Sierra Madre,
For I pillage and kill, for I work my will,
When I visit my old compadre.

To add to the zest of the trooper's quest
When off the reservation,
I lead him astray in my own sweet way,
Prolong my little vacation.

When the winter is nigh, I begin to sigh
For blankets and beef, the best,
So I set up a cry, with a tearful eye
(It's a trick I try), and by and by
The Government does the rest.



Night in the Desert.

Over the mountain the moon drifts southward, painting the glories of
night;

Rocks are her canvas, and moonbeams colors, shadows of darkness
with light;

Dropping a glow by some cave-black fissure, craters and lava among,
Touching the scene like an old-time master, painting a silent, sweet
song.

Cacti like sentinel souls outposted, pointing a warning at hand,
Waiting, unpassioned, the ages, standing guard for an ancient, weird
land.

* * * * *

A mass of rocks, a waste of sand, a scorching sun by day,

By night the moon's pale gleams;

A pest of things, weird forms of life, of Nature's scheme, the play,

A dying world's vague dreams.



Cleopatra's Soliloquy.

Ho, shout a joyous paean,
For Antony is come!
I've won him, I have won him
From honor and from Rome;
No more Octavius' sister
Shall charm my lord away;
My love hath touched his heart-
strings,
They quiver to its play;
The Roman dame so stately
He bids to leave his home;
Henceforth the world's great mas-
ter
From me shall never roam.
I'll bind him with Love's fillets,
Like chains of beaten gold,
Like links of adamant
As surely they shall hold.
He'll learn to love thee, Egypt,
Whilst ling'ring by my side;
My gorgeous barge shall float him
O'er Nile's slow-moving tide.
He'll learn to love thee, Egypt,
As loves thy dark-eyed queen;
From wife, from home, from kin-
dred,
My charms shall surely wean.
Crown me the Roman's victor,
Place oak upon my brow,
Crown me since earth's great
master
My charms have vanquished now.
'Tis herald of his coming
Adown the distant street,
Stop heart, thine anxious beat-
ings,

For Love and Fame shall greet—
The lotus round by temples,
The clear pearls for my hair,
Green gold and rubies give me,
The fairest of earth's fair;
My lute with voice of silver,
In melody love shall blend,
I would my hero's footsteps
Through Music's maze might
wend;
The festal board, his coming,
The golden chalice of wine
With fairest buds that blossom,
The amarynth round it twine;
The lotus dip in amber
To cool the raging blood;
Mingle the snows of Ida,
With crimson frothing flood.
Wild be the rites we cherish
Till Lethe's dark'ning wave
Sweep through the hall of ban-
quet
Each slumberer doth lave;
Till Rome in dreamy aeons,
Long ages far ago,
Shall seem a thing that's perished
'Neath Egypt's glorious dawn;
Till world shall fill with wonder
At deeds of Egypt's queen,
Till Nile so calmly flowing
Awake from sleep serene;
Till Morrows flee with swiftness
On Hours' pinions light,
That birds, which skim Horizon,,
O'ertaken flee the Night;
Till Greece shall pale in glory

'Neath Egypt's grand surprise
 And Tyre forgot in story
 Behold our Phoenix rise.
 Scatter attar of roses
 With perfume, music sweet,
 With wealth, with gems that daz-
 zle,

My Antony I greet.
 Robe me as Isis beauteous,
 With hues of rainbow gay;
 Unloose my ebon tresses,
 By zephyrs wooed in play.
 Light be the hearts at banquet,
 For Cupid free may rove;
 Love be the theme of gay hearts.
 The mighty master Love.
 Hark! 'tis his footsteps falling,
 I feel his presence nigh,
 Haste ye, oh sluggard Moments,
 Haste or I fail and die.
 'Twas the breeze in muffled rumb-
 lings,

Which Fancy misconstrued
 Ah! Time, thou'rt cruel master,
 With Man hast endless feud.
 Wide through the Past's long vis-
 tas

My Fancy trembling plays,
 My Mind can scarcely place me,
 That far-off distant haze.
 I seem to hear strange voices,
 A mingling, murm'ring hum,
 A figure glides before me,
 What, Antony, art thou come?

* * *

Tell him I will not see him;
 Tell him I hate his love;
 His heart shall sheathe this
 dagger,
 By all the gods above.
 But stay, not thus I punish

With angry, taunting word;
 Tell him that I have perished;
 Then see if his heart be stirred.
 The golden clouds of sunset
 Sink down a mass of flame;
 So falls my wild ambition,
 So fall'n is Egypt's fame.
 The thin air quivers, trembles,
 O'er desert sands so hot,
 Like breath of Love expiring.
 Tremulous, lone, forgot,
 How still, how calm, how deathly,
 The waves along the shore!
 Like soul of Man a-passing
 To voiceless Nevermore!
 The Nile hath ceased to ripple,
 One scarce may mark its flow,
 But in its tides so stilly
 I read a scroll of woe.
 Oh! I have wronged thee, Antony,
 To him the tidings give;
 Go haste thee, speed thee, Char-
 mian,
 And tell him that I live.

* * *

The gods, they have deceived me,
 Mine eyes with this to greet,
 My hero-love, my Antony,
 Lies bleeding at my feet.
 Speak Charmian! End this horror!
 Tell me in dream I rave,
 Oh! wake from hideous torture,
 From agony, oh, save!
 Ye gods, thou, Isis, Eros,
 Save! Hear my pleading cry!
 Oh, Zeus and Great Osiris,
 Let not my hero die!
 In vain—the spirit lingers
 To test its pinions light,
 Before the sun hath sunken
 He'll bid the world good-night.

Here Charmian, soothe with bal-
sam,
I'll lave his pallid head.
He gasps—a sudden shudder—
Oh! Antony, art thou dead?

* * *

I thought I was with Antony
In dreamy Long Ago.
Our life was calm and joyous
As Nile's deep, steady flow,
And in the heart's great rapture
I woke from happy dream,
And misty shapes took form then
Of many a hazyon theme.
My heart is dead and bitter,
Like ashes after the heat,
But with a calm unshrinking
My fate I go to meet.
Little doth Caesar Octavius
Dream of his plans betrayed.
Ah! not in Roman triumph
I'll grace his grand parade.
Prepare the sleeping potion,
Unloose the venomous asp

From yonder golden trinket
With gemmed and studded clasp.
Ah me! The sleep is painless,
Wherefore should I not dare?
I'll roam in fields Elysian,
Beneath my Antony's care.
No grim, exacting Charon
Shall waft me o'er the tide.
But with the wings of Psyche
I'll seek my hero's side.
No fear shall daunt my purpose
For through my veins there run
The ichors of the kingly,
The blood of Macedon.
Then farewell Earth! I perish
With set of evening sun;
No effort can revoke it,
My earth-life soon is done.
How sweet the soothing lan-
guors
That through my veins do creep!
Oh, welcome! welcome, Antony!

* * *

And Egypt's queen doth sleep.



Biotopsis, A Plagiarism after Bryant.

Go thou, if wearied with the spirit's fret,
With all those cares that vexing dull the soul,
And sad of thought by the complaining tongue
Of those, the multitude, for whom a life
Robbed of its sweetness, blasted hopes, the stern,
Unresting struggle and the purpose lost,
Have nourished envy in the open world,
And study life. The vision will afford
Thee contemplation; thou canst gain, in truth,
A curious knowledge; thou shalt see the few
That walk in peace, linked in the loving arms
Of Fortune, from the cradle to the tomb,
And them who eagerly took up the race
Of Life and ran, and as they neared the goal
Espied the prize, and straining brain and nerve
And muscle, yet ran on and faster ran.
The goal was gained; the cup was given to quaff,
Yet only filled with gall. To such life as
It should be ends and envy doth complete
The course, or else the trial prove a blessing.

Thou canst have communings with the worlds
That were. To him who views aright the call
Of busy cities and the throngs of men,
That line the streets, the jostling crowds that sway
Amid their markets wide, or tenants lone,
In cabins rude, amongst the gorges huge
That gore with many a scar the bristling sides
Of dark Sahama, types of every form
Which lies before us—these are not alone
His images. Glance backward. Canst thou see
The Aryan hive swarming beside the great
Salt seas of Scythia? But comes a day
And they are gone; the Tartar drives his herd
Where stood their villages, nor doth withstand

One monument to mark their banishment.
 What warriors seaching out new lands to waste
 First led the blue-eyed sons of Iran forth
 To view the rock-groined fjords, whose waves beat loud
 Against the Dovrefjeld wrestling by the Pole
 The Arctic Midnight, or what minstrel sang
 Amidst the upland jungles of the Scindh
 The fertile steppes, the corn lands rich, that lay
 Beside the mighty Oxus, vanished bard
 Forgotten erst late Homer found a birth
 Unkenned? What Belisarius armed his chiefs
 To conquest and regained a sovrans' realm,
 Yet clothed in rags died begging pence?

All these

From Life's bright course long since have passed away,
 And swept them out into the dead, dark night
 Communionless, whence comes no cry, or like
 A comet with opposing train flashing
 About the cynosure, as near the sun
 Awhile, then taking up his orbit doth
 Depart the stranger guest upon that curve
 That never can return, or else perchance
 To seek another sun, to join the worlds
 That frame the galaxy.

The frenzied crowds

That cheer the wheels of Juggernaut, rich with
 Red gore and dripping blood, on o'er the blind
 And writhing throng and offer sacrifice,
 The Aztec prostrate by some idol's shrine
 In fair Tenochtitlan, or dancing at
 The feast of flowers, both are but the old
 And fleeting incidents, which go to fill
 The hours that make the short-lived day of man,
 Soon o'er, but which another day at length
 Shall re-enact and a third time shall come
 Its morrow, and so on throughout the long,
 Dull repetitions of the ages.

The ant

Which builds her chambered cones above the sands
 Of Kalahari, yet whose tunnels sure,
 That deep down undermine, strike the pure vein

Of some refreshing rill beneath the hard,
Forbidding, sun-struck waste, or wandering forth
Across the plain, lays siege or storms and takes
Some rival citadel, may teach, O man,
Thy littleness. She toils, doth plan, doth pass
Away. What more canst thou?

And what if thou

Do fall, and calling none, do hear the cry
Or heed? Thou soon shalt heed not of thyself,
For in the endless marches of the years
Shalt thou but count one atom which the heel
Of Time hath turned upon and crushed and left
Unrecognized and shapeless in the wreck,
Chaotic masses, of all earthly things.
If thou in anguish do cry out whereof
Things are and wherefore, all the senseless shapes
Of earth, that yearly take unto themselves
New forms of beauty, or the granite rocks
That underlie the grandest monuments
Of Nature, handiwork sublime, mountains
Her giant offspring all, both those that yield
The thirsty streams' supply and they, war-scarred,
Which standing by the sea, keep guard along
The continent, or yet the quickened life
That throbs to beat its own destruction, all
The bitter strife that chills the heaving bosom
Of the great race of Man, and pondering long,
Do cherish secret bitterness against
The unknown cause which brought thee hither, why
The sullen earth should brood and countless throngs
Bring forth that suffer for a day, then heap
Her charnel house, what purpose is subserved
In every change, what good is gained that things
Should be, look out upon the glorious night
And gaze into the depths of heaven. Behold
World after world peopling all space and strive
To grasp the thought of endlessness, and when
The vast conception has been formed, thou first
Shalt learn thy meanness to despise, which Time
With healing hand to pity yet shall change.

Ragtime :

In the Case of an American Dreyfus.

The majority of the Schley court has done everything within its power to make the Admiral the next President of the United States. This is not France, and the people of this country will not tolerate an American Dreyfus case.

Whether right or wrong, the American people regard Schley as the hero of the battle of Santiago. Their verdict is sustained by Admiral Dewey. The technical quibbles of Admirals Benham and Ramsay find no weight in the great referendum of public opinion, which is the final judgment.

For the purpose of analysis, the findings of the majority of the Schley court are quoted:

“Commodore Schley, in command of the flying squadron, should have proceeded with utmost dispatch off Cienfuegos, and should have maintained a close blockade of that port.

“He should have endeavored, on May 23, at Cienfuegos, to obtain information regarding the Spanish squadron by communicating with the insurgents at the place designated in the memorandum delivered to him at 8:15 A. M. of that date.

“He should have proceeded from Cienfuegos to Santiago de Cuba with all dispatch, and should have disposed his vessels with a view of intercepting the enemy in any attempt to pass the flying squadron.

“He should not have delayed the squadron for the Eagle.

“He should not have made the retrograde turn westward with his squadron.

“He should have promptly obeyed the Navy Department’s order of May 25.

“He should have endeavored to capture or destroy the Spanish vessels at anchor near the entrance of Santiago harbor on May 29 and 30.

"He did not do his utmost with the force under his command to capture or destroy the Colon and other vessels of the enemy which he attacked on May 31.

"By commencing the engagement on July 3, with the port battery, and turning the Brooklyn around with port helm, Commodore Schley caused her to lose distance and position with the Spanish vessels—especially with the Viscaya and Colon.

"The turn of the Brooklyn to starboard was made to avoid getting into dangerous proximity to the Spanish vessels. The turn was made toward the Texas, and caused that vessel to stop and back her engines to avoid possible collision.

"Admiral Schley did injustice to Lieutenant-Commander A. C. Hodgson in publishing only a portion of the correspondence which passed between them.

"Commodore Schley's conduct in connection with the events of the Santiago campaign prior to June 1, 1898, was characterized by vacillation, dilatoriness and lack of enterprise.

"His official reports regarding the coal supply and the coaling facilities of the flying squadron were inaccurate and misleading.

"His conduct during the battle of July 3d was self-possessed, and he encouraged, in his own person, his subordinate officers and men to fight courageously."

This finding of Schley guilty upon technicalities is merely the converse of that specious red tape by which our courts, Superior and Supreme, make murderers innocent and set assassins free. The Supreme Court of a certain State once reversed a judgment because the lower court had said: "This is the law, and it is common sense." It was held that common sense and the law were not identical and that the Judge erred in coupling them.

Common sense and the majority report of the Schley court are not agreed, but in this instance the good, common sense of the American people is without the jurisdiction of any court, civil or martial.

What a pitiful record of petty jealousies, deceit, and mental astigmatism has been made. "Schley ought to have done this,

Schley ought not to have done that," is the burden of findings dealing with the most petty details of a voyage at sea. Had Schley done just as his censors would have had him do, and had he left undone what they, in their technical wisdom, declare should not have been done, they would have praised him, though Cervera and his fleet escaped.

Lincoln had his clique of detractors. Grant had to do his hardest fighting when assailed by calumniators in the North. There was the cabal against Washington. Schley defeats the Spaniards, wins one of the greatest naval victories known to history, destroys a fleet which European naval critics had regarded as invincible against America, and must spend the remainder of his life in combatting malice and envy at home.

Cervera, the conquered, is made a hero in America. His conquerer, the majority of the court would make a malefactor.

Benham and Ramsay profess to think that Schley's official reports regarding coal supplies and coal facilities were inaccurate and misleading. They make no mention of information withheld from Schley—information that he was entitled to receive, information that was vital to his command, suppressed through envy or a worse motive.

Contrast the findings of these Admirals, whose names were unknown to half the American people before they were placed upon the court with the manly opinion of Admiral Dewey:

"In the opinion of the undersigned the passage from Key West to Cienfuegos was made by the flying squadron with all dispatch, Commodore Schley having in view the importance of arriving off Cienfuegos with as much coal as possible in the ships' bunkers. The blockade of Cienfuegos was effective.

"Commodore Schley, in permitting the steamer Adula to enter the port of Cienfuegos expected to obtain information concerning the Spanish squadron from her when she came out.

"The passage from Cienfuegos to a point about twenty-two miles south of Santiago was made with as much dispatch as was possible while keeping the squadron a unit.

"The blockade of Santiago was effective.

"Commodore Schley was the Senior officer of our squadron off Santiago, when the Spanish squadron attempted to escape on the morning of July 3, 1898. He was in absolute command, and is entitled to the credit due to such commanding officer for the glorious victory which resulted in the total destruction of the Spanish ships."

If a vote were taken upon the two reports, what percentage of the Nation would support the one submitted by Benham and Ramsay? Would it be more than 3 per cent, or even so much?

The court unites to recommend: "In view of the length of time which has elapsed since the occurrence of the events of the Santiago campaign, the court recommends no further proceedings be had in the premises."

And thus would the matter drop but it will not drop. Congress and the States will be asked to take it up. It will get into politics, and an interminable discussion will follow.

France has her Dreyfus, England her Buller, and we have our Schley—and our Sampson.

Honesty as a Handicap.

Absolute honesty there is not, but there are degrees. Perhaps the fine sense of honor that sometimes goes with the New England conscience is the nearest approach, but this is approximation only, like the greatest degree of artificial cold remote from the absolute zero. The old-fashioned honesty of the word-as-good-as the bond sort began to go out with the coming in of agnosticism. The tide has not yet set the other way, as sometimes follows when the transition stage is complete. But what does the world offer to that robust sort of honesty, not altogether uncommon a generation ago, which still survives as an hereditary impulse in the occasional individual?

Politics has degenerated into a game in which bribery, broken pledges, bad faith, are often the trinity of success. Business is a

gamble in which the Golden Rule, if it ever existed, has become obsolete. An intellectual charlatanism has marked every profession. Brains, coupled with honesty, are not the surest indices for the future.

There is a curious problem for the student of ethics. Though common honesty is at a lower place to-day than it held fifty years ago, human sympathy has a quicker, more responsive vibration. All of which is very abstract, and not much to the point.

Does the honest man ever question himself if the self-imposed handicap, borne voluntarily for a term of years, has not seriously crippled him in life's struggles, just as the devout sometimes feel the doubt of a personal hereafter, and of the whole scheme of reward and retribution promised in another world? If he does not, then honesty and stupidity are identical terms. Of course, no man of the better sort would commit a burglary, or pick the pocket of friend or stranger; but how often have you lent a four-bit piece or a dollar or any other small sum to friends of this very sort, who have forgotten to return it. It isn't the loss of the loan that worries, for the honest man isn't penurious, though he often gets the credit of being so; it's the loss of confidence in the integrity of friends in small things. The same friend who may not be honest enough to return what he has borrowed, though he is too honest for downright theft, spends several times the amount in your company, providing he can make a good display of keeping his end up. He doesn't worry over your loans which he hasn't paid. It's the honest man who does the worrying under the blow to good will. The honest man is handicapped by the pettiness of it all, and yet if he will think it over he will find that nine out of his ten friends who borrow never do repay.

That is the trivial handicap of the honest man with his friends. In the world of business, in politics, in the professions, he is a lamb with the wolf pack all about him. Does any sane man expect that the rest of the world will not get the better of him if it can? If he does, he belongs in the cloister.

Honesty means something more than refraining from theft,

robbery or burglary. How many honest men are there who have never failed to remind the street car conductor that he has forgotten to collect their fares? How many honest men are there who, having been victimized with a bogus or mutilated coin, never passed it along to the next fellow who looked as if he would be stupid enough not to detect the imposition? If the honest man will do this, and he does, when he carries along with him some high ideals of debt-paying, fair dealing, ought he to be surprised if the rest of the world, which may be a very good sort of a world, charitable in its way, has a lower standard, which handicaps him seriously? To the business world commercial success is the motto, and the successful man, who wouldn't do anything indictable, but is merely shrewd, is not bothered with questions concerning his success. The rest are too busy trying to imitate him or wrest away from him a portion of what he has. What business man is smitten with conscience pains concerning his own honesty, if his success is marked by the failure of a rival?

And the professions—the law? In what city in America is it difficult for a criminal with ready money to pick from the best of the bar, men, who will defend him for a share of the proceeds of his crime? What criminal finds it hard to obtain attorneys of reputable standing in court and community who will seek not to obtain absolute justice for their client, not to guard him that no injustice be done him? Are there not those who for money will use every subterfuge, every trick, every technicality which the involved legal machinery conceals to free him, of whose guilt they are conscious, from the just punishment they know he deserves?

And medicine—Do the physicians live up to the letter of the law? Too many court cases show that it is not uncommon for them to violate some of the statutes, and the percentage of cases which does not reach the courts is not supposed to be a small one.

And the ministry—The call to save souls at a higher salary in a more fashionable church does not go a-begging.

And the courts—Are judgments never shaped by a brain keenly conscious that a political future may be involved?

All of the foregoing has to do with honesty in its way. There are not many men, perhaps, who do not throw aside some of the ideals of the schools when they get out into the practical field of life. As for the man who insists on carrying his handicap through it all, pity the overburdened fool if you will. Perhaps he deserves your pity, and perhaps he doesn't. He may be a crank in twentieth century days, and then again it may be that his own self-respect is more to him than success. It's a question of value, after all, but the values are so different that honesty and success may no more be compared than the poet and the prize fighter.

In the Matter of Obligations.

No man is so mean that he hasn't a friend, and none so great that he doesn't need one. Herein lies the weight of obligation. It is the beginning of goodwill, goes along with it and sometimes kills it. To be under the stress of favors received may be a serious handicap of itself. In the struggle to repay favors there is danger of overdoing, coupled with the feeling of neglect on one side or the other, which may be very trivial, but just as real. After all obligations grow less with time, and, like an old debt, are finally outlawed. You want to get judgment within the statutory period or the limitation will stand against you. Therein the obligation and the injury differ, for unless you are of the sort that patiently turns the other cheek the sense of injury finds a good growth, healthy or morbid, as you will.

But when obligation and wrong demand their recompense from the same source, it's hard to decide whether to act the part of Christian or Indian. To make the measure full for both isn't so easy as it seems.

As a friend of mine puts it: "When a friend has done you a good turn and you have tried to meet the full measure of the obligation, with principal, at least, if not with interest, it's apt to stun you when that friend suddenly smashes you squarely between the eyes." It wasn't a physical blow to which he referred. That

reference was for the force of comparison. It was to find apparent expression of ill-will, where from long association and experience he had expected the reverse. Perhaps he was at fault as a diagnostician. Motives sometimes are misunderstood. They are not always good cadavers, ready for the dissecting knife. This coupling of obligation and wrong is like driving confidence and distrust in a double team. They go better in sequence and should be hitched up tandem. Even then if the driver isn't skillful, there is apt to be a mishap. After all, the matter of obligation is as you view it, and your own point of view can never be the exact point of view for someone else. But if the obligation exists with a good offset in the way of recognition, what more need be asked? Points of view may shift for themselves.

Brute Brawn and Brute Brain.

Isn't there an analogy somewhere between the barons who took by force of arms and the kings of finance who take by strength of intellect? Brute brawn and brute brain, wherein do they differ except in the method of bringing about the same result? After all, to the loser, what does it matter whether he yielded to the force which the baron brought against him, gave up at the point of the pistol to the highwayman or surrendered to a combine of wealth? The baron has stopped his depredations; the calling of the highwayman has ceased to be a respectable one, but the man with the financial convolution dominant in his brain persists. If it is wrong morally and legally to take by brute force from one who is unable to protect himself, should not the application lie both in ethics and in law for the mentally strong who take from what to them are pigmies in intellect?

In earlier days it was the custom to speak of one who excelled as having a gift in that particular line in which he was above his fellows, which wasn't so very far wrong, after all. Educate musically thousands of young women, and perhaps among the number one may be found a worthy successor to Patti. With the best that

military and naval schools can do you may develop a great general or a great admiral, and then again you may not. Turn your young men loose in the business field, and the man in whose brain there is an excess of cells or cell energy, or whatever it may be that has to do with finance, will outstrip his companions, and strip them, too, of what they possess. The average man has no more chance against the man who is "gifted" with the overdevelopment of the financial convolutions than has the average man against one having such a muscular development as Jeffries. But, as the most of us are just average, physically, mentally, if we don't actually fall below the line of averages, why shouldn't we combine against our keener fellows? Isn't the problem of socialism to reduce us all to a common level, or elevate us to the dead line of averages, as the case may be? The combination of the mentally mediocre against the keener brained ought to be about as productive of results as the union of the weaker to resist the aggressions of the stronger.

Of the Use of a Word.

Richard Grant White and the lesser purists, who have followed his work with works of their own, have told much of words and their uses, and, like all partisans, have been extremists. They stickle for niceties, which do not exist. They would have English grow by rules of their own making, and prune the language until it became as round and artificial as a Monterey cypress, trimmed to the fancy of a mathematical gardener. Yet English persists in evolving in its own peculiar and irregular way, of which the word "electrocution" is a sample. It is a natural child, born of a union which etymologists do not sanction. The attempt was made to strangle it in its infancy, but its resistant vitality was too great for it to be put out of the way in such a manner. It is here to stay. To those who know, and in these days of word-analysis many who read do know, the word strikes the ear with something like the harsh force of a discord in music, yet it is not misleading.

Everyone knows exactly the meaning intended in its use, and to those who do not know its origin it is a very fine word indeed. After all, what matters it if it is a successful upstart? We do not like that sort to be successful, but etymologist and sociologist will find in their own spheres, words and people, that success comes to that very kind.

A word that would suggest death caused by electricity, more especially when inflicted as a punishment for crime, has long been the subject of search. It seems strange that the simplest and easiest term has been overlooked, and that by the mere grammatical conversion of a noun to a verb.

Volt is terse. It tells you with the clearness of an Anglo-Saxon word its meaning, though of Mediterranean origin. Why shouldn't Czolgosz have been volted instead of electrocuted? It's a good coinage, as good as if it came from the mint of slang. It's short, and it rhymes, and the jingling paraphapher can couple it with jolt and dolt, and, in case of necessity, even set it off against halt. Then there are moult and bolt, and colt, and "toldt," which might be tolerated in dialect. There is a sort of free and easy onomatopœia about it, like Homer's argurioio bioio, yet we shall continue to have electrocute and electrocution, degenerating perhaps in time to 'cute' and 'cution,' like telephone to 'phone, and volt will probably go to the limbo of words that might have been.

Lynch Law, the Great American Referendum.

For those of us who refuse to take our creeds from the priests, is not the logical sequence a refusal to accept the ethics of our law-givers? Does not one follow the other just as liberalism grows into agnosticism?

But the moralists say this is the false step over the precipice into anarchy. Is it? If it is, anarchy should have been the sequel to the Reformation; anarchy should have been the outgrowth of the American Revolution.

The Boston Tea Party was the first application of the great American Referendum. It was a lynch law, but without the rope, the bullet or the fagot. The vigilantes of San Francisco appealed to lynch law in its forcible form, sentenced to death, and enforced the penalty. In neither instance is there condemnation, and neither led to anarchy. The latter, in fact, conserved the peace and good order of this city.

When laws fail of enforcement, when laws are manifestly inadequate, the people make a law for themselves. If the codes and the Constitution do not satisfy our ideas of justice, if they do not permit the speedy punishment for wrong-doing, if they fail in many instances, as they do, in fact, in most, should there be no recourse? When the courts free the unquestionably guilty through technicalities, should the courts complain that their impotence causes a democratic people to resort to a referendum in which quibbles do not save, but swift punishment is meted out to the doer of evil?

When the libertine meets death at the hands of one man, the jury acquits and the community approves. When his brutish prototype is hunted down by the neighbors and killed, the sentimentalists are horror-stricken. That is a strange sort of consistency.

Ought lynch law, wisely administered, to be condemned? Should it not be judged by the same standard as the codes? In one instance it comes directly from the people, in the other through a legislative intermediary. Why should not a higher criticism be applied to the codes? Laws are made by men, and not always by good men. Many statutes are on our books because they were put there to serve the special purposes of the lawyers who fathered them in the legislatures. If they work ill should they be above censure, and if they fail of right, must wrong be patiently borne out of a superstitious reverence for man-made shalls and shall nots?

Poets of To-Day, Yesterday and the Day Before.

To-day ought to be one of honest thought, sincerely expressed, though it may be one rather of charlatanism, as yesterday was marked by a hypercritical straining after the effect of simplicity, on the one hand, or by the affectation of elegance on the other, and the day before was given over to a sort of reverential ignorance. Science has opened the way to criticism, and nothing is so sacred in literature that it is spared from the knife.

There was a time when the Big Four of English verse were approached by a kow-towing world. Is it literary blasphemy to-day to find commonplace rhymes in Chaucer, stilted prettiness in Spenser, pompous platitudes in Milton, and mock heroics in Shakespeare? Is it lese majestie to point to the bubbles of pretense? Is the following from Chaucer poetry? "A knight there was, and that a worthy man, that fro the time that he first began to riden out he loved chevalrie, trouthe, and honour, fredom and curtesie." And Spenser has given this: "Upon a great adventure he was bound, that greatest Gloriana to him gave (that greatest glorious queene of Faery lond), to win him worship, and her grace to have." And Milton wrote these lines in seriousness: "This way the noise was, if mine ear be true, my best guide now; methought it was the sound of riot and ill-managed merriment." From "When Icicles Hang by the Wall" these words of Shakespeare are taken: "Then nightly sings the staring owl, to-who, to-whit, to-who, a merry note, while greasy Joan doth keel the pot." They are worthy of the Lake School.

To-day there are writers of good verse. Markham wrote a poem when he gave to the public "The Man With the Hoe." Cast in another mold it would have been an epic. Joaquin Miller has written a few real poems and more rubbish. In "The Days of Old" he wrote the lyric of '49. Holmes has given us humor

without the sting, something the earlier writers were unable to do. We laugh with him, even when conscious that he rhymes our own foibles. His humor is kindly. Better irony and stronger sarcasm may be found in the writers of to-day than Pope or Byron ever wrote. The Nineteenth Century failed and the Twentieth does not promise a great epic or a first-class drama. The age is not one which delights in long, great, but tiresome poems.

“And now she’s at the doctor’s door,
She lifts the knocker, rap, rap, rap;
The doctor at the casement shows
His glimmering eyes that peep and doze!
And one hand rubs his old nightcap.”

The foregoing lines were given to the world as poetry by one of the verse-writers whom England and English-speaking people have called and still consider a great poet. He has been termed the great master of the Lake School, of which Collier has written: “Bending a reverent ear to the mysterious harmonies of nature, to the ceaseless song of praise that rises from every blade of grass and every dewdrop, warbles in the fluting of every lark and sweeps to heaven in every wave of air, they found in their own deep hearts a musical echo of that song, and shaping into words the swelling of their inward faith, they spoke to the world in a way to which the world was little used about things in which the world saw no poetic beauty.”

A man may be educated to believe in the false as well as the true, but it is an extreme case when anyone can see poetry in the rhymed lines of Wordsworth’s “Idiot Boy.” They are as bare of beauty as a mud flat from which the tide has receded.

Wordsworth often gets into the shallows of verse, where he flounders in a ridiculous way in his straining after simplicity. If poetry be one of the fine arts and if the beautiful in its widest acceptance be synonymous with art, then Wordsworth has written much which is not poetry, though accepted as such. And, yet, occasionally, he struck the simple chord with the stroke of a master.

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

In those three lines Wordsworth wrote poetry. There is poetry in these:

"I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for murmuring from within
Were heard sonorous cadences, whereby
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea;
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith."

In his "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood" Wordsworth wrote one of the greatest odes in the English or any language, yet he also wrote "The Excursion," which, though it contains some fine passages, is a most tiresome thing to read, and he wrote "The Blind Highland Boy," which, if sent to any publication to-day, would be rejected as puerile.

Wordsworth does his best when he drops simplicity. He is not the equal of James Whitcomb Riley in dealing with the poetry of common life. Writers of to-day would hardly give the following to the world:

"Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray;
And when I cross'd the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child."

Or this:

"Beneath the moon that shines so bright,
Till she is tired, let Betty Foy
With girth and stirrup fiddle-faddle;
But wherefore set upon a saddle
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy."

Yet the foregoing are but a few lines of the vast mass of infinities of verse written by the man whom England made a poet laureate.

★ ★ ★

Shakespeare has been so long worshiped as the literary god that the criticism of an ordinary man, if it be honest, will be regarded as sacrilege. Where he makes grammatical blunders, and he makes as many as some of the writers for the press, he is so great that he is above the rule. When his chronology is out of date and his facts fail to conform to history, he is greater than truth. If his verse doesn't scan—and oftentimes it doesn't—it is the fault of the student for having discovered the fact. Things which appear commonplace are not so. They seem so because his writings are so deep that there can be no shallows. All that remains to do is to wrench from them some meaning that was never intended. If his writings are not natural, it is because he is greater than nature, and nature is in him. Of another writer it has been said that he made his little fishes talk like whales. The literary authorities have made mammoths from some of Shakespeare's pigmies. Shakespeare makes Antonio say:

“In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.”

The opening lines of the “Merchant of Venice” make strange contrast with these from Lear:

“I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, called you children!”

Or with what has been termed the perfect example:

“How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night

Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica; look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
 There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim."

If Mr. Antonio were living to-day he would have said that he was blue as the devil, if he didn't use stronger words, and his doctor would have told him that his liver was out of order, and prescribed calomel. In his own day and in his own language he would have used similar words, and wouldn't have mouthed a lot of nonsense. The chasm between the heroic and that which is not is not so wide but that Shakespeare has been able to jump it frequently. Antonio's blues caught him on the wrong side of the canyon.

The literary highwayman of his time, he took where and what he wanted, but, like the king, he could do no wrong.

* * *

Burns wrote a sermon in verse, the concluding lines of which are:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
 To see oursel's as ithers see us!
 It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
 And foolish notion:
 What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us
 And ev'n devotion."

His text was an animated one. The title of his poem is "To a louse, on seeing one on a lady's bonnet at church." The subject is one which does not incline to poetry, but Burns made a poem in his last verse.

He was not so successful when he wrote:

"My curse upon thy venom'd stang
 That shoots my tortured gums along;
 An' through my lugs gies mony a twang,
 With gnawing vengeance!
 Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang
 Like racking engines."

The lines are as uncouth as his subject is unfit. He tried to extract poetry and made a complete failure. The closing simile is as false as the rhyme. Yet the same author wrote:

“Alas! it’s no thy neibor sweet,
 The bonie lark, companion meet,
 Bending thee ’mang the dewy weet,
 Wi’ spreckel’d breast,
 When upward-springing, blithe to greet
 The purpling East!”

And he also wrote:

“John Anderson, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snow;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

“John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
 And monie a canty day, John,
 We’ve had with ane anither.
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we’ll go
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.”

In “John Anderson, My Jo,” Burns wrote a poem where Wordsworth would have written something as silly as “The Idiot Boy.”

★ ★ ★

Kipling’s muse is the modern one. His verse is virile and his lines are realistic. His stanzas are not polished between Latin diction and classic allusion into the weak smoothness, characteristic of an earlier day. Contrast him with the effeminate Poe. Poe was neurotic and alcohol was a poison to his nerves. The

men of the barracks, whom Kipling has immortalized had strong stomachs, possessed the good and the bad traits of the average man. There is nothing of the abnormal in his verse, as there is in everything which Poe wrote. He is always sane.

Despise his churlishness as one may, and those who met him in San Francisco, and knew him best here found him lacking in the ordinary courtesies of life, we must all acknowledge that Kipling can write. He has his mannerisms, chief of which is the misplaced also, that he drags forward wherever he can to the beginning of a sentence, and he has written poor verse and worse stories, because there was money in anything he submitted to the publishers, but he can write, and has written. "The Taking of Lungtungpen," though not in verse, is worth a dozen volumes of a dozen English writers of the earlier half of the last century, whom the critics have placed well up on the ladder of fame.

Incidentally, a good story is told of Kipling's visit to San Francisco in the latter eighties. His fame was just beginning then, and he submitted some of his stories to the Sunday Editor of the Examiner, who returned them with the remark that they were not up to Examiner standard.

Kipling has found and written the poetry of the common place which Wordsworth sought and thought he found, only to give us puerilities. There are the same strong cadences to his verse which Sousa in another way has struck in tones.

The poetry of the barracks is here:

"Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a
thirst;

For the temple-bells are callin' and it's there that I would be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea;

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the old flotilla lay.

With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay!

Oh, the road to Mandalay,

Where the flying-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China, crost the bay!"

In his "Islanders" Kipling has set the British Empire by the ears with his "Flanneled fools at the wicket, or the muddled oafs at the goals," but an Australian, not so well known, W. Monro Anderson, strikes back in Kipling's own measure, and he strikes hard:

"Lord of the loud-lunged legions!
Prince of the Purple Press!
Are we but pigmy people
Lost in the wilderness,
That we of the Younger Nations
Should call back our fighting men
At the blast of your tin war-trumpet,
Or the scrawl of your scathing pen?
Safe in your inky dugout,
Flinging your gibes about,
What do you know of England
Or the quest that brought us out?
We of the Younger Nations,
Reared on the range and plain,
Scornful out of battle,
Hurl you the lie again.
We of the Younger Nations,
Are we but sickly spawn—
Spoilt little lambs of the Empire
On whom the elders fawn?
Willing and freely we sought it
Out of the range and the plain,
Freely, unbridled, undriven,
As we would seek it again.
Lord of the loud-lunged legions!
Scribe of a jaundiced age!
We of the Younger Nations
Were taught from a brighter page—
Have read of the old-time leaders
How their stirring deeds were done,
How on the fields of Eton
The great war-games were won.
So when the war-worn horseman
Comes to his own again,

Back to the fen and moorland,
Back to the rolling plain,
Grudge him not gun nor hunter,
The hound nor the well-kept turf,
Bidding him strut the pavement
Like some war-belted serf—
Bidding him rule the people
By aping the foreign cur
Whose marketplace is silenced
By the clink of the bully's spur."

★ ★ ★

Why Coleridge and Southey—especially Coleridge—should be always grouped with Wordsworth is something of a literary mystery. The three are always classified as belonging to the Lake School. Geographically they do, but something more tangible than location is meant by the Lake School. Its leader carried the doctrine of simplicity to the ridiculous. Wordsworth is the literary puritan. Coleridge's temperament and works are of another sort. Coleridge and Edgar Allen Poe would make a better pair. Both are the apostles of delirium, one of drugs, the other of drink, and their literary insanities are not few. Both wrote poetry, which will probably live—at least for many decades. Perhaps the two poems by which Coleridge is most popularly known are the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan."

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.

"So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round;
And there were gardens, bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Infolding sunny spots of greenery."

Coleridge thus tells how he came to write *Kubla Khan*, from which the foregoing lines are quoted:

“In the summer of the year 1797 the author, then in ill-health, had retired to a lonely farm-house, between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading the following sentence or words of the same substance in ‘Purchas’ Pilgrimage’: ‘Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto; and thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall.’ The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and, taking his pen, ink and paper instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved, At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him about an hour, and on his return to his room found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away, like the images on the surface of a stream, into which a stone had been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the latter.”

Coleridge was a drug fiend and in the language of to-day *Kubla Khan* is a pipe-dream. In his day a euphuism was used to describe his weakness.

A rather pleasing bit of alliteration, though it violates the rules, is introduced by Coleridge in his “*Rime of the Ancient Mariner*,” where he writes:

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

But the whiff of opium is apparent in the poem.

★ ★ ★

"He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit in the center and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the midday sun."

The preceding lines were not written by Martin Farquhar Tupper, though they might well have been, but by John Milton, the greatest epic poet since Homer, if not the equal of the author (or is it authors?) of the "Iliad."

These lines are not worthy of him who wrote:

"Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,
Or flocks or herds or human face divine;
But cloud, instead, and ever-during dark,
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

In the foregoing "Invocation to Light" from "Paradise Lost," Milton made the most touching reference to his own infirmity, and in the opening to "Il Penseroso" he wrote something destined to live:

"Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred!
How little you bestead,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,

And fancies form, with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people sunbeams—
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train."

There is something beyond what Shakespeare wrote in describing Antonio's blues. In "Il Penseroso" Milton made poetry. In the opening lines of the "Merchant of Venice" Shakespeare wrote bombast.

★ ★ ★

Poe's poems and his poetical prose are often the mere nightmares of drunkenness clothed in eloquence. His ideas are vague, weird to the point of insanity, but he had the trick of language and turned his phrases with style. Many of his verses will not bear analysis.

"Open then I flung the shutter, when with many a flirt and flutter,
 In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
 Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
 But with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,—
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door,—
 Perched and sat, and nothing more.

"Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
 'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven thou,' I said, 'art sure no
 craven;
 Ghastly, grim and ancient raven wandering from the nightly shore,
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore?'
 Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'"

Now there is a melodious jingle to "The Raven" which pleases, but why should he have been stately and why should he be expected to make obeisance? Except for the alliteration, why should Poe have used "stopped or stayed he"? A raven with crest "shorn and shaven," which had the mien of lord or lady, Poe wasn't sure which, beguiled his sad fancy. In order to get a rhyme he dragged in the words "thou, art sure no craven."

The poem fits the measure. It rhymes correctly. Otherwise it is the delirium tremens of verse. Where another man might have seen blue parrots or snakes Poe saw the raven. It is really a jag done into poetry. Most men would not be able to put a jag into such melodious verse, and most men would not care to do so.

★ ★ ★

His literary form is the most nearly perfect of any modern maker of English verse, yet Tennyson has written some things which are not poetry, and he has given to the world lines so silly that a mediocre man would be ashamed to acknowledge them as his own. There is poetry in these:

“The women sang
Between the rougher voices of the men
Like linnets in the pauses of the wind.”

And there is such silliness in his “Airy Fairy Lillian” that it is not worth the space of quotation.

The following lines were written to order:

“Till each man finds his own in all men’s good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,
Breaking their mailed fleet and armed towers,
And ruling by obeying Nature’s powers,
And gathering all her fruits of peace and crowned with all her flowers.”

Such lines are not worthy of the man who flayed Bulwer Lytton with his strong verse on “The New Timon.” They are not worthy of him who wrote “In Memoriam,” though they might do for England’s present poet laureate. They do not fit with

“Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.”

Or with

“Love took up the harp of life and smote on all the chords with might:
Smote the chord of self, that trembling, passed in music out of sight.”

With all the care which the New England three took, Longfellow, Whittier and Bryant sometimes fall below the average. Rhetorical errors are not infrequent. Bryant wrote a poem in his lines "To a Waterfowl," yet there is a false figure in the first stanza:

"Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through the rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?"

Steps should not glow, but in spite of this fault there is a wealth of imagery about the poem which appeals:

"All day thy wings have fanned
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near."

The verse is spoiled in a way by "Yet stoop not." Does he mean the wings or the bird? Is it a grammatical blunder or a strained application of the verb stoop as a predicate to wings? But he wrote:

"A mighty hand from an exhaustless urn
Pours forth the never-ending flood of years
Among the nations."



Fraternity of the Frontier.

It was the fraternity of the frontier that made Tom Welsh and Dandy guests at our adobe in North Clifton. The adobe stood on a shelf which Nature at some forgotten time had quarried from the wall of rock that rose back of the sandbar upon which the northern half of the camp straggled. Before it was the flume, carrying power for the copper concentrator and dripping stagnant pools wherein the summer bred malaria.

In Welsh and Dandy the psychologist would have had a study. Because we were of the frontier, and not given to the analysis of the subjective or the weighing of emotions, that field for inquiry has been lost.

One December day, Stevens and I had joined with Welsh, Randall, Montgomery and Benton to celebrate Christmas. It was the free-and-easy acquaintanceship of the territories where the dress suit is unknown, and where men may lead the life without the conventional lie, which older communities find as necessary as garment and food. In Arizona the lie was made to serve a stronger purpose than the concealment of social pettinesses. There the lie of egotism was permissible; that of malice dangerous; the political untruth something at times to be admired or feared; the cowardly lie an entity below that of malice, with a despicability all its own, and the social lie as unknown as the city weakling who makes use of it. So if lies were swapped at that dinner they were of the strenuous sort, befitting the outdoor life of cattleman, prospector, or man of any sort who loved sun and weather, believed in the potentiality of the desert, whether what he was seeking was wealth, health or adventure.

So over turkey and mescal (and the turkey had been wild and was good) there came the exchange of anecdote and talkative little

boosts of individual futures, which, if we could have foreseen, might have been omitted. And when there was neither mescal nor turkey, except the bones of the bird, upon which Dandy was still crunching, Benton and Randall and Montgomery and Welsh saddled their mules and struck the trail. Their way lay together. Benton was an old rancher, the pioneer of the Blue, and the others were on a trip to locate some miles above, where, with abundance of water and grass, they expected the multiplication of a few head of cattle to bring them easy wealth.

The next May, with twenty-odd others, Stevens and I struck the same trail up the San Francisco, took the short cut to the junction of the Blue, and rode up that stream to give burial to old man Benton, whom the Apaches had slain ten or more days before, leaving his corpse to lie on the open ground in front of his cabin.

When we returned on the evening of the second day following, Dandy, with a strange lack of canine judgment, due, perhaps, to his mongrel ancestry, disputed with Stevens and me the right of admission to our own adobe. It was by stratagem that we entered to find Welsh in possession, lying groaning on a cot, feverish, with a two weeks' old bullet wound.

I.

It was a nerve-racking experience which Tom Welsh had undergone. It was from this, rather than from the bullet, that he suffered mostly, though the wound was an ugly one. Both master and dog were shaken, and for weeks they enacted the horrible nightmare of it all, and once a tragedy was averted by the merest chance. Psychologists now say man has a subjective mind in addition to other mental faculties, which possesses an infallible memory. If it be true, then the brutes must have something akin to this form of cerebration.

Welsh and Dandy turned somnambulists. Each was possessed of the same terror and acted jointly under its influence. That was

why it became dangerous for the Mexicans to bathe in the flume which ran before our door, and how it came about that Stevens saved the life of one whose life, in the light of subsequent events, might as well have been sacrificed then. As it was, the brother-in-law of Pablo Salcido owed his life to Stevens. Two weeks later this same Mexican murdered John McCormick, the most popular barkeeper in Graham county, and fled across the line into Old Mexico, where he may be to this day, for all I know.

But the Mexicans suddenly ceased to bathe in the flume after that June night, when Tom Welsh drew a bead on the black head of Juan Alvarez. The flume carried four feet of water, and the fall was sufficient to give a good current. So the Mexican population of Clifton, old and young, used it as a public bath. They would gather a half mile above, just beyond the last house, where a flat rock served them as a convenient dressing-room, and float down with the current. Then they would race back along the single plank which the flume-walker used for his daily trip of inspection, and repeat the voyage and the bath; such of them as did not trip on an occasional loose board and tumble into the water, much to the delight of their companions, which found a childish expression in the shrill laughter of the women, and the hoarser comment of the men, always profane, following a peculiarity of Spanish speech. After all, the bathing was good for them, and what was said in that dialect which takes the place of Castilian on the North American continent was not considered.

Whether it was the subjective mind of the man or of the dog which first received the suggestion only a psychologist might say, and none was there. So the fact may never be established. The theory is one of hazard and not of scientific value, perhaps, but is offered for want of a better one, and is this: The strain of Indian blood is not weak in the Mexicans of the frontier, and Dandy may have scented it in his somnambulism, confused the possessors with Apaches, and by some strange telepathic method impressed the subjective mind of his master with the delusion.

Whatever may be the truth, one June night Tom Welsh arose from his cot, took his carbine, seated himself in the doorway and waited. Dandy crouched beside him. Stevens was aroused by the low growl of the dog to see Welsh taking aim at an object in the flume, and shouted. Welsh was almost a perfect shot, but the shout destroyed his aim, awakened the objective mind, it may be, and the bullet went an inch from the head of Juan Alvarez instead of perforating it. Stevens' shout had been a loud one, and whatever may have been the confused relationship of objective and subjective in the respective minds of Welsh and Dandy, each was normally awake by this time.

Stevens and I pacified the Mexicans as best we could. As they filed away on the plank walk of the flume toward the rock which they had improvised for a dressing room and where their clothes lay, no sound of laughter came back to us. They went away in silence. After that they selected for a bathing place a deep pool in the river below South Clifton, a mile or more from our abode, hidden by a turn of the box canyon, and, therefore, not within the range of Welsh's carbine.

The incident caused some amusement, and Welsh was joked upon his indifferent marksmanship, at which he was a little piqued. It was merely sleep-walking carried to a dangerous absurdity, as all frontiersmen knew, due to the strain which Welsh had just undergone during the Apache raid, in which his partner, Montgomery, and his friend, Benton, had been killed, and in which he had been sorely wounded.

Frontiersmen knew nothing of the psychological point of view, and if they had would have cared as little, all of which was very practical and better, perhaps, than any amount of theory.

II.

Tom Welsh was shot when the Chiricahuas made their last raid. In May, 1885, Geronimo and his band of cut-throats, after weeks of restlessness broke away from the San Carlos reservation and

began the murderous foray which ended something more than a year later in their capture by American troops in Chihuahua and their banishment to Florida. Afterwards the Chiricahuas were removed to the Indian Territory, and are still nominally held as prisoners of war. Geronimo, now past 80 years of age, is desirous of a full pardon, with permission to return to his old haunts in Arizona.

The Chiricahua has much cunning, great cowardice, and his reasoning is of the most primitive sort. Because of the last-mentioned fact, he made the raid of 1885. Thus he reasoned: The grama was more plentiful in the year 1885 than it had been for many seasons. This would give much feed for his ponies. The water holes were full, as the rainfall and the snowfall on the higher peaks had been heavy. This would be an advantage, as he knew every water hole within a radius of 300 miles from the point of junction of New Mexico, Chihuahua and Arizona. This was good for traveling purposes. Besides, he had, during his term of quiet on the reservation since the previous outbreak of some years before, gathered a good supply of government cartridges, which he had conveniently cached where they could be of most service. Then, too, there was keener sport in killing a man, or, better still, a woman, than in shooting a deer, and less danger than in an encounter with a bear.

All this reasoning was sound, but the Chiricahua made the mistake of drawing deductions which are quite beyond the primitive brain. He went into analogy. In the past, when he had tired out the troops after months of futile pursuit, and when he had become a trifle blase from many unpunished murders, and when the winter was drawing nigh, and reservation rations and blankets seemed good, he had always found it easy to make terms with the Government. It had always been permitted to him to come in, promise to be a good Indian, and be forgiven. In fact, he was welcomed back to the reservation. Since this had always been the arrangement before, doubtless so it would always continue to be, and so he went.

Though Clifton was a railway terminal, and had telegraphic facilities, it was some days after the Apaches had left the reservation before we knew of it. That delay caused the loss of some lives. Word first reached us, not from Government sources, but in a round about way. Wood Dodd, old frontiersman, wrote Stevens from Alma. Then the word of warning went out in every direction. Military red tape, or something worse, sacrificed lives that might have been saved had an earlier notice been permitted to go out.

Tom Welsh sat in the doorway of his jacal one May morning. Montgomery, his partner, had gone out earlier to look up the burros which were astray. Provisions were getting low, and the two had decided to come into Clifton.

Welsh first knew that something was wrong from the actions of Dandy. The dog crouched at his feet, hair almost bristling, and growled with a peculiar guttural. Welsh went inside the jacal, and returned with his rifle, which was a lucky precaution. He thought the dog had scented a bear. A moment later a shot rang out, and Welsh fell. With that, a score of Apaches made a rush from their hiding places for the cabin. Welsh raised himself, for the wound was not a fatal one, and began to fire on the Indians. Though they were twenty to one, the rush was stopped. The Apache is a coward, and he does not run any unnecessary risk.

Then Welsh did a reckless thing. Wounded in the right leg, so that every step was agony, he left the shelter of his jacal, and dodging from one tree to the next, fought the Apaches all day long, while searching for his partner, Montgomery. His hope had been to reach Montgomery. With his partner he felt that he could make a better fight, and that the two could drive off the Chiricahuas. He was soon convinced that Montgomery was dead, and that the battle was for him alone. Afterwards, it developed that the Apaches had caught Montgomery unarmed, and had slain him before they made the attack on Welsh.

One against twenty. Welsh had kept the Chiricahuas at a distance until nearly nightfall, when, weak from loss of blood and the

nervous strain, he stumbled into a ravine. He could fight no longer, and lay there trusting his life to concealment. Though Dandy was a mongrel, he reasoned then, if a dog ever did reason. He lay beside his master, perfectly still, while the Apaches beat the brush in their search for the man. Welsh in recounting his experience afterwards, said that some of Geronimo's band came so close to him that he feared the loud beating of his own heart would betray him. Welsh lay there in the gully all that night and the next day. The following night he decided that it would be safe to move. Whether it would be so or not, he knew that his life depended upon reaching a settlement. He had bound up the wound, which was an ugly one, as best he could. The bullet had entered the fleshy part of the thigh, ranged downward, glanced around the knee, and had come out of the right calf. It was sorry traveling all the next night, and his progress was slow. Once he heard voices and hid. The voices died away, but he remained under cover for some hours. Had he but known he could have saved himself the long journey to Alma, as the voices which he had heard were those of the belated troops following a cold trail. He had thought from the distance that they were the same or another gang of Apaches.

Further on Welsh came to the ranch of the Luther Brothers, two young Swedes. The ranch-house had been burned. The Chiricahuas had caught the two unarmed. They did not wish to waste Government cartridges on unarmed men, so they overpowered the Luthers, threw them into a clump of cacti and beat them to death with cobbles, crushing in their skulls, and frightfully mangling the dead. Welsh had thought that safety and aid might be had at the ranch of the Luthers. All that was left was the forlorn hope of trudging on to Alma, on the upper waters of the San Francisco. He crawled the last six miles into that little settlement.

The day before his arrival Wood Dodd had reached Alma and sent word to Clifton that the Apaches were out. Unknowingly, he had passed by Welsh, while the latter lay concealed. Dodd had

been on a hunting trip on Eagle creek. He was a good sign reader, and, recognizing that a spring raid was on, he struck the trail, attempting to overtake the Chiricahuas, as he had a good horse, pass them by a short cut, and warn the scattered ranchers of the oncoming danger. He succeeded in part. Near Alma the trail deflected to the left, and Dodd reached the village a few hours before Geronimo crossed the San Francisco river some miles above. In one place, following a hot trail, Dodd, from the brow of a hill, beheld the Apaches camped below. The Indians saw him at about the same time, and, thinking Dodd must have had a body of men with him, stampeded, leaving behind in their flight one of their ponies, a rifle or two, and blankets.

III.

As the summer approached, word of Apache deviltries came from all points of the compass. Now they were in the Mogollons. The next day near Silver City, or raiding the Gila, and a day or two later were seen near the San Bernardino ranch, heading for the fastness of the Chiricahua mountains, whence they could descend upon the little hamlets of Chihuahua and afterward make their escape into the Sierra Madre. They raided the Gila near Duncan, made a rendezvous at Ash Springs, picked up what stock they could about Solomonville, and dashed across the San Simon, with the soldiers always too late to intercept. It was the same old story of governmental ineffectiveness. A little gang of Indians had paralyzed the military arm of the United States. We see the same thing to-day, when a few Boers have put a strain upon the British Empire, such as it has not borne since the time of the first Napoleon.

Randall had been at Solomonville, buying stock when the raid began. That was why he had no part in the encounters which had caused the loss of the lives of Montgomery and Benton, and in which Welsh had been wounded. Randall devoted the rest of the summer to a still hunt for Apaches, with some measure of success.

The first head brought in, however, was by Montgomery; no kin to the Montgomery who had been slain at the ranch on the Blue. It was that of a young buck, and was given a post of honor on the adobe corral of Pomeroy & Co. The ethics of the frontier are not those of the city, and they never can be reconciled. There was open rejoicing that one Indian had been slain. Welsh took a satisfaction of his own in regarding the head, and even Dandy seemed to delight in passing the corral that he might take a sidelong glance at what had once been a foe.

We raised a purse for Montgomery, and, for a little community, it was a good one, and it did not take so many hours as there were hundreds in the purse to secure the coin.

Strange accounts of this affair reached the outside world through the wires and the big dailies from East and West came back with a weird story of the head of the Apache fastened above the headlight of the engine, which ran on the narrow gauge from Clifton to Lordsburg. It was before the day of the newspaper wash-drawing, or the grinning skull would have been pictured on the engine.

This story was untrue, which fact pained the frontier. I can vouch for its untruthfulness, for I was there. But after the head had ornamented the adobe wall of the stable sufficiently long, it was thrown into the river. An eddy cast it upon a sandbar at South Clifton, where a drove of Mexican hogs discovered it.

IV.

The river began to dry with the long summer days, and the water in the flume ran low. Yet there was the ceaseless drip which nourished a rank vegetation beside the rotting boards, and the pools festered in the sun.

Then came a strange epidemic which followed down the flume. The first house in North Clifton was the first visited, and death was with the visit. Then, like a canvasser, skipping none, the sickness went from house to house.

Those below laughed because, for the most part, North Clifton

was inhabited by Mexicans, and the people of the town proper thought they were exempt. But the epidemic, if such it was, kept its steady march. Because we were above the flume on a high shelf of rock, and because we were white, Stevens and Welsh and I felt safe when the last house on the upper sandbar had known the unwelcome visitant, and the sickness had crossed the river to work its evil on the other side.

People began to leave Clifton then. The smelters were almost idle, and were there not other camps? They were not fleeing as from a plague. It was merely a change to better surroundings. The doctors declared that the sickness was malaria in an aggravated form, and when quinine failed prescribed arsenic.

It crossed the river again, visited the jail, hewed out of solid rock, the railroad office, the old store of the Arizona Copper Company, the concentrator, and returned up the flume to pay our adobe a call. That was why Stevens took his mule and guns for a hunting trip on Eagle, why some others and I went to the Metcalf mine, and why Welsh and Dandy went I know not where.



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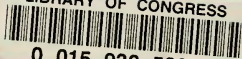
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